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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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***An interview with* Henry A. Wallace**

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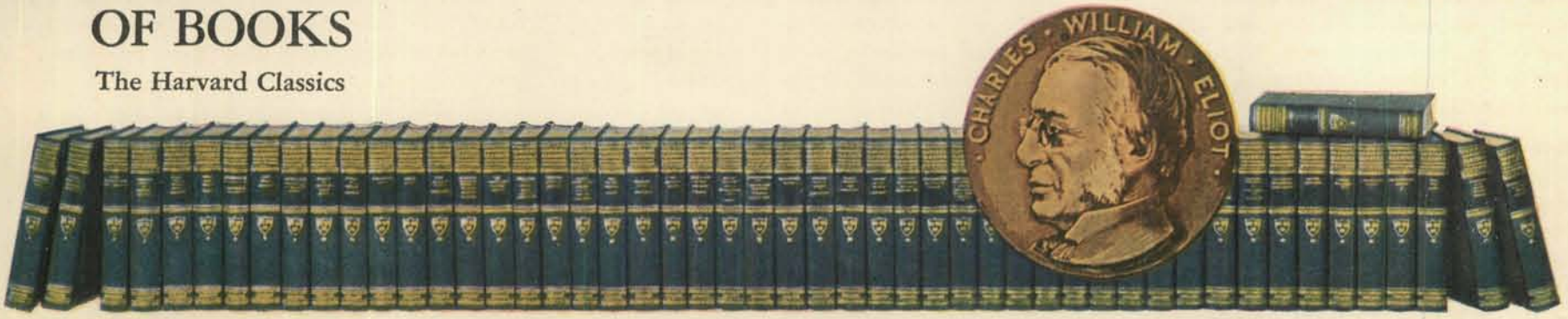

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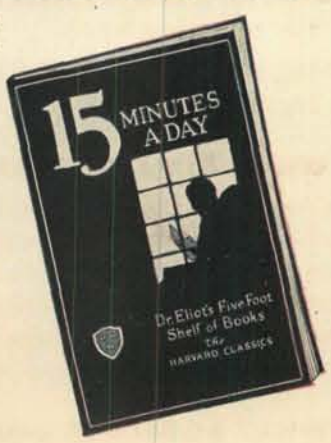

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Beginning immediately, the Alexander Hamilton Institute announces special shorter training designed to bring men immediate help in today's business problems, at little more than half the cost of the regular Institute Course.

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It is a sober fact that what you do in the next ten months is more than likely to determine your success in the next ten years. American business is once more back to pioneering days. All our institutions must be rebuilt from the bottom on a basis of real stability. Everything is new; the old rules will no longer work. "Shirt-sleeve experience" isn't enough today—you must know the fundamental principles on which all business is built. If you know these, and can take part in this great rebuilding process, your future is secure. If you can't, you are sitting on a volcano.

The Institute offers to cooperate with you to the full extent of its ability. To find out all the facts about the present opportunity, you need only mail the coupon below. You may do so without obligation.

The way to keep on going is to keep on going. If you are sick of standing still and want to win a substantial place for yourself in the days just ahead, mail the coupon today.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

MARTHA BLAISDELL was not only beautiful, she was intelligent; she understood the Lemmings' hint as soon as it was dropped. Scandal was abroad. She remembered broken conversations and constrained glances. Someone had started the rumor that Gerald Gerrish was paying her bills.

Only one person could have done that—Gerald Gerrish. Martha was filled with white-hot rage. The incredible swine! She wished she were a man, so that she could deal adequately with him. But Martha was not a man and before Gerrish's unscrupulous cunning she was very nearly defenseless.

This is the plight in which you meet the lovely heroine of Arthur Somers Roche's sensational new serial, "Slander." You will want to break a lance yourself in her defense, but it won't be necessary. She finds champions of her own. Thereafter the action becomes, to put it mildly, breath-taking.

"ONCE I was a billionaire. Without a moment's hesitation, I would spend a million here and a million there, peeling them airily off my wad with a careless laugh and a gay flip of the fingers. After all, what was a mere million to a billionaire?" That is Mr. T. R. Ybarra speaking, and the millions he refers to were not dollars but German marks of the vintage of 1923. Mr. Ybarra is not anxious to be that sort of billionaire again. First-hand experience with one inflation in a lifetime is, in his opinion, plenty. It's a disastrous nightmare, calculated to unbalance anyone. Next week he tells you about it.

MARTIN HEATH was an economist. He went places and wrote books and had red hair. In addition he was a student of Shakespeare. And so when he met a girl who looked like a Valkyrie and talked like a termagant he had no trouble at all in placing her. "Her name is Katharina," he quoted politely, "renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue." That started a small but exceedingly fierce war, which ended in complete disarmament, for, as Phyllis Duganne points out, "Love Makes a Difference."

TALBERT JOSSELYN'S short story is called "The Stars That Flickered." They were stars of the diamond, and the flickering, we are happy to report, was remedied by the influence of a Good Woman.

DON MARQUIS, Roy Trent, Clinton W. Gilbert, Alan LeMay and Albert Richard Wetjen obligingly outdo themselves. E. Phillips Oppenheim unravels the final knot in the "Gallows of Chance." Try that on your spring fever.

This Week

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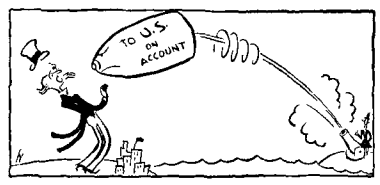
●

Any Week

WE START with an idea. It's not ours, but a contribution by Dr. W. M. Fliegel of Maywood, New Jersey.

"You," writes Dr. Fliegel, "state and restate that they (our foreign debtors) have not enough gold to pay in gold and we will not take competing merchandise on account of home industry. Now why not have them repay exactly what we loaned — munitions? They could build our fleet and air forces into the first-class position we need but cannot afford. They could not plead inability because they keep lavishing money on their own armaments."



DR. FLIEGEL can have our ride in one of the airplanes thus contributed. We shall be content to occupy our lowly place and speculate, with Mr. George R. Mullvany of Dorchester, Massachusetts, upon the mental gyrations of "legislators who force their own families to cut down their living expenses by one half and then hurry off to the state capital to vote against reduction in government overhead and salaries."

"MY PATRIOTISM," laments Mr. Ford McCallum of St. Louis, Missouri, "will fold right up and holler quits if thirteen states with a total of four per cent of our population make it impossible for us to get at that additional revenue the repeal of the long-impotent Eighteenth Amendment would add to our national income. And I'll probably be arrested for assault if, after that, I hear anyone call our system of government democratic."

JUST to show you how wrong we can be, here's a protest from Miss Edna C. Ewald of North Bergen, New Jersey, against our cover of February 25th. She thinks it neither pretty nor funny, but hideous. And we thought it pretty good. But then, perhaps, *we* would. We know people who, even belatedly, used it as a valentine.

AND Mrs. Lucy Lindthaler of Denver, Colorado, ponders on the elderly truth of how simple it is to be moral when prosperity is one's companion. "I have been a dry for many years," she writes, "but as long as we need the money I think repeal would be right. I am willing to set aside my preferences in the interests of my country and think the vote on repeal should be a popular one and not by states."

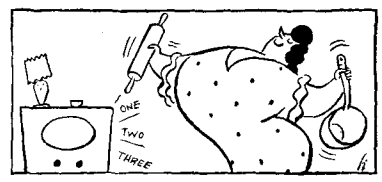
"WE ALWAYS have a Collier's around but never any bridge pads," says Mr. E. Ludel Sams of Scotts Bluff, Nebraska, "and of necessity we use a blank space, if we can find one, in Collier's. Because your magazine can be found at any time and any place, I suggest you leave a small space for the convenience of the bridge fans."

Suppose we begin right here. All in favor of leaving this column blank for bridge scoring, raise their right hands. And nothing in the right hand either, please.

"SUPPOSE," says Mr. H. E. Corbitt of Los Angeles, California, "public opinion suddenly decreed that no public building shall be erected or maintained that is better than the poorest structure in the worst slum in any city. Can you imagine our Governor Sun-kissed Jim Rolph in a ratty tenement room flicking a cockroach off his latest pardon list? Or would he feel a little less benign and munificent under such conditions?"

A BIT of news from Canada: Mr. A. S. Parkin of Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, isn't in sympathy with the lightness with which we have treated Technocracy. Therefore he writes: "Looking at it from a distance it would appear that your country is going to hell as fast as one could expect and perhaps you or some other damn' fool can laugh that off too." Seven to five we don't go to hell, Mr. Parkin.

AMONG the several understandable reasons why Mrs. Frank T. Collotti of Baltimore, Maryland, will continue to read Collier's, as she has for ten years, is: "To see what crowd you will tackle next after the bootleggers and their brother racketeers are gone. I do not know whom you will fight then but I will be with you as always and so will my children."



YOU will understand why we can't print this correspondent's name when we quote him. "Between 1927 and 1930," he writes, "I spent sixty-five hundred dollars on doctor's bills for my wife, who was always on the verge of a nervous breakdown. In January, 1930, I went broke. I fired the three servants and my wife has had to do the cooking and housekeeping. We haven't given the doctor a cent since because neither I nor my wife has ever been in such good health."

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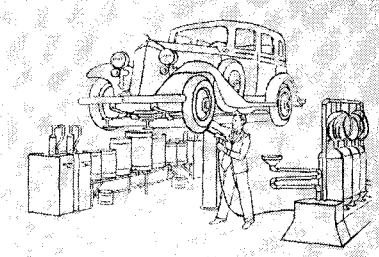
What's your yearly Oil Bill?



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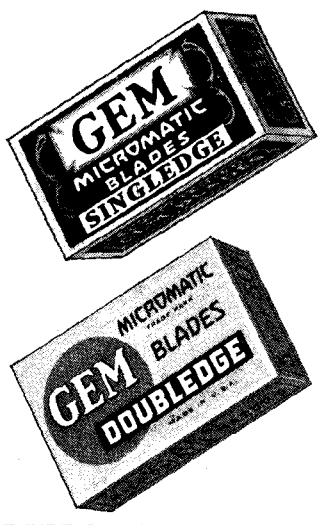
Is Full of Surprises

AS A MAGICIAN'S HAT



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Collier's

The National Weekly for April 1, 1933

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ROLA, KANSAS

Clean

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Fannie Hurst

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

THERE resided in the personable person of Miss Linda Watson, seated in the lounge of the Glorioso Hotel, speculations such as these:

In some ways I'd be a fool. Yet I do love him. His eyes, set in that far-apart fashion, are so clean. And right. He is clean. And young. And fine. Fine, in the way a certain kind of clean, unpretentious American man can be fine. Oh, no doubt of that!

But life with Vonnie in a Wisconsin town (Keshawa, of all places!). Respectable. Prosperous. Matronly. A nice, square, big house on a shaded street named after Vonnie's maternal grandfather. Children—Vonnie wanted five! Why need a girl with her money, her youth, yes, her looks, marry into a world outside the pale of glamour? . . .

Jammed into the soft warmth of her young bosom, reposing between the cups of pink lace brassière, a note on fine gray writing paper, with the blue engraved heading, Mrs. Jasper V. Costaigne, 1343 Vonnie Street, Keshawa, read:

Dear Miss Watson (Linda, my pen wanted to write!): Will you forgive the impulsive mother of Vonnie, who is writing to ask you to come spend a fortnight with his parents, who are anxious to meet the young woman of whom their dear son has brought such enthusiastic tidings? We are a quiet, poky little town out here, but I think you are going to like us. Won't you come out and see? Vonnie and Vonnie's father and sister Berta join me in this hearty request.

ALBERTA VONNIE COSTAIGNE
(Mrs. Jasper Costaigne)

The photograph Vonnie had shown her of his mother and sister, during those brief, exciting days on the ship where she had met him, had revealed precisely what she had known the women-folk of Vonnie must reveal. All-wool, yard-wide women, with unpainted faces and rough, bright cheeks. Backbone-of-the-nation women. . . .

Well, why not?

God knows life in the home of her widowed father—a five-story house on East Sixty-ninth Street, where days could pass without their meeting—was something to leave home about!

She could see the look on Vonnie's good-looking, square, lean face the first time she had blurted out to him that at times she hated her father!

"I hate him for the things I remember he did to my mother up to the very week she died. I hate him for the something flabby and ugly that comes out in his face when he indulges in his favorite sport of toting around cheap young girls. I hate him for his love of money. He is a naughty, fat, self-indulgent old man. If that nauseates you, Vonnie, think what the five years since my mother's death have done to me."

"Good God!" It had been sweet to have Vonnie say "Good God!" like that. As if horridness associated with her, Linda, were unbearable to contemplate.

Keshawa. Of all places in the world! Keshawa. Mrs. Vonnie Costaigne, Keshawa, Wisconsin. The snapshot of Vonnie's mother and sister had shown them seated in the front seat of the family sedan, a washbasket of laundered linen on the rear seat.

"For eighteen years Mater has called around herself for the family washing at old Deborah's house on the waterfront. Lord, Linda, she's a card! Runs the town. President of two women's clubs. Knows every bar of yellow soap the colored help swipes. Leads the choral club. Plays tennis with my husky sophomore sister every morning before breakfast."

WIDE-HIPPED, slightly freckled, unrouged women, these Costaignes. Not of the pattern of these in the Glorioso, furred, veiled, hipless, synthetic products of the cosmeticians.

Women with eyes shaped by cunning pencil to any slit they desired. Women with faces carved out of almond or pale jade or white coral. Women with the slim, slack bodies of cats. Women as alien to the family sedan, with the week's washing on the rear seat, as their cabochon finger nails were to the chore that might disfigure them.

Glamorous women.

Their fragrance crept over Linda. Here were the seductive, ornamental women of captains of industry; of men who paid kings' ransoms to keep those slim bodies fit—to keep those veiled eyes provocative—to keep those useless hands decorative.

Their fragrance was like music tempting out the emotions. Idiot, she, Linda, with youth in her hands, money at her beck, to step out of this world of the lush of seductive men and women, into the realm of flat-heeled women with chapped cheeks and appetites for breakfast.

Idiot!

That mere chit of a girl there, on the divan. What had she that Linda had not? Nothing, except the will to be all the things she so seductively was. What had she, in looks, that Linda could not obtain? Nothing, but a bit more concentration on the subtle arts subtly practiced by this blond bit of workmanship, sitting there wrapped in her Russian sable coat, her wrists on fire with flexible snakes of bracelets, her perfume a blend of strange flowers of the Orient.

Women of this luminosity were not destined for the Keshawas. Women of Linda's potential luminosity need not be.

But her father—the father who could drive her to hating—there was no question of what was on his mind. Presently, inevitably, he would marry again. She had even suspected that his rather unwonted request that she meet him here this day, at the Glorioso, to lunch with a "friend," might be portentous of that impending event. Constantly, here and there, were rumors of his intentions, linked with the names of this one and that one. Presently into the pretentious hotel-like house in East Sixty-ninth Street must come the inevitable stepmother. A hostess in a night club, rumor had once had it; another time, an incredibly rich old dowager with a parrot face and a grandson who had figured in a nation-wide murder scandal. Here, today, was rumor. There, tomorrow—any day—confirmation might strike.

Meanwhile, though, the world could be made to remain Linda's oyster. Keshawa would crack open the shell to the reality of security in chapped cheeks and family sedans.

The cheeks of the girl on the divan were planes of ivory. Too perfect to be real ivory. Flawless as imitation.

Women of this veiled and hooded luminosity kept it by demanding the avocados, the pomegranates, the passion fruit. . . .

Here came her father! He wore spats, and his gray-striped trousers bulged out to contain his watermelon of a stomach, and his jowl was so shaved and pink that it quivered like gelatin. Gray were his gloves, white his buttonhole gardenia, unctuous his smile, first for Linda, in a manner which he did not practice at home, then more and more so for the chit of a whitish blonde, whom he was also meeting.

THEY dined on a low balcony. Over the Persian melon, placing his pudgy, liver-spotted hand upon hers, the father of Linda faced her with her stepmother.

"We were married last night, Linda. Kiss your new mamma."

They pecked, by leaning across the Persian melon, and lifted glasses filled from a flask off the corpulent hip of the father of Linda.

"Love Papa?" said the father of Linda.

"Daddy, quit it!" said the stepmother of Linda; and, be it said to her credit, a faint color—from a shame she could not trace—dyed the perfection of her pallor.

"Linda, Daddy and me want you to go down to Miami with us next week on our honeymoon. Daddy's gonna buy baby a big yacht to catch great big fishes."

"You're sweet," said Linda, "but I'm off to Keshawa for a couple of weeks."

"Kesh—*what*, Daughter?"

"Keshawa, Father."

"What's that, darling?" asked Linda's stepmother. "Sounds like a funny noise Linda's making for me."

"Yes, a funny, darling, clean kind of noise," said Linda.

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Acme

Henry A. Wallace of Iowa, the new Secretary of Agriculture

Why the Farmer doesn't like our Dollar

When Mr. Wallace granted this interview he was already being considered for the post of Secretary of Agriculture. His views as here set forth indicate the present official understanding of the farmer's problems. Mr. Wallace's acquaintance with these problems is not only lifelong, it has been traditional in his family for three generations. With this background he vividly presents the farmer's viewpoint and the farmer's objectives

An Interview with Henry A. Wallace

By William G. Shepherd

THINGS in Iowa looked darker for mortgaged farmers than they really were, when I talked to Henry A. Wallace.

Those farm mortgage sales were going on in his state. The whole world seemed to be against farmers. The insurance companies had not yet announced that they did not wish blindly to foreclose on farms. They had not yet declared, as they have since, that they would much prefer to have a mortgaged farm keep running, instead of taking it over for themselves. A dead farm can pay *no* debts; a living, operating farm is a source of hope for all ultimate good things. And what's more, insurance companies didn't want to go into farming.

I had caught Henry A. Wallace, fresh from Iowa, in the city of St. Paul. I couldn't get him in his own home town of Des Moines, Iowa. He was swinging around the Northwest making addresses. And crowds were listening to him.

Out in the farm country they know him very well. Farm people trust the Wallaces. His grandfather before him was an agriculturist. His father, Henry C. Wallace, was Secretary of Agriculture and died in that office in 1924. This youthful-looking man in his early forties is clean-toothed, smiling. In a quiet way, he is self-assured. For several decades a farmers' weekly named for his family has been the Bible of farmers in a dozen states, and today he is its editor, having been trained for that place by his father.

Certainly he would give me an interview. But he hooked a "but" onto it.

"I hope, though," he added, "that you'll be a neutral writer."

"Neutral?" I asked.

"Yes," he smiled. "I hope you'll prove to be one of those writers who can discuss farmers' troubles without getting city folks mad.

"Almost everything I see written these days about the farmers may please the farmer but it makes city folks angry. Why, you'd think that city people and farmers lived in two different countries and that the United States was sort of a Balkans made up of two different sets of people."

"Well, I'm afraid I'm city folks," I answered, "and I must admit I do become irritated now and then by reading about farmers' troubles, but maybe you can tell me something about the farmers' prospects, in such a way that I'll understand without anger."

"Tell you what let's do," he said: "Let's both try to look at the thing as a couple of neutrals, trying to get at the facts."

So I began by asking him about the Iowa farm mortgage strikes.

"There have been three kinds of them," he answered quickly. "One kind involved threats of physical violence. In some counties in our state, especially around the larger cities, there were groups of farmers that had been organized for the farmers' strikes of last fall. They were the fellows who got out on the roads and tried to keep the food from the cities.

"These groups, already organized, were in deadly earnest, but they did not meet the approval of most of the other farmers. These men always would insist to a sheriff that he hold a mortgage sale instead of postponing it. They wanted to bid in things at a very low level and then give them back to their neighbor.

"A second group was far more reasonable. When a sale was arranged against the property of some neighbor they would go to the sheriff and say:

"'Postpone that sale, Sheriff. We don't want to work any hardship against the mortgage holder but we don't want our neighbor to lose his farm, either. If you'll postpone the sale, nothing will happen. But if you insist on holding it, we'll have to go and bid things in.'

"In such communities the sheriff would generally follow the suggestion of the farmers. For a year or more mortgage holders, especially among the insurance companies, had been postponing sales and encouraging all good farmers to remain on their places, so the suggestion of farmers for postponement was not exactly a new thing.

Everyone Wants to Be Fair

"Then there came a third sort of mortgage deal. An arbiter would spring up in a community, usually a lawyer who had dealt in mortgages and knew everyone along the countryside, who would set himself up as sort of an arbiter. He would try to work out some sort of fifty-fifty deal between the farmer and the mortgage holder, so that neither one would be hurt any more than necessary. Americans all know from our history how, here and there, in a crisis, a man will step forward and help to straighten out problems. Well, I know of one tier of three counties where such a man has appeared. He's literally a Mussolini between mortgagees and mortgagors. He listens to both sides. 'How much can a farmer afford to pay off on a mortgage?' 'How much can the mortgage holder reasonably expect to receive, without destroying the farmer?' It's the old idea of 'capacity to pay' in a deflated market.

"What this man decides really goes. I am not passing on the fairness of this man's arbitration. All I am saying is that there is a disposition among the farmers to be fair. They don't want to hurt anybody; but they don't want to be hurt too much themselves. A good many city people—the insurance companies, for instance, and many of those who hold farm mortgages as private investments—understand the farm situation. And that's a good thing because we'll never get this farm situation straightened out until the city people do begin to understand it.

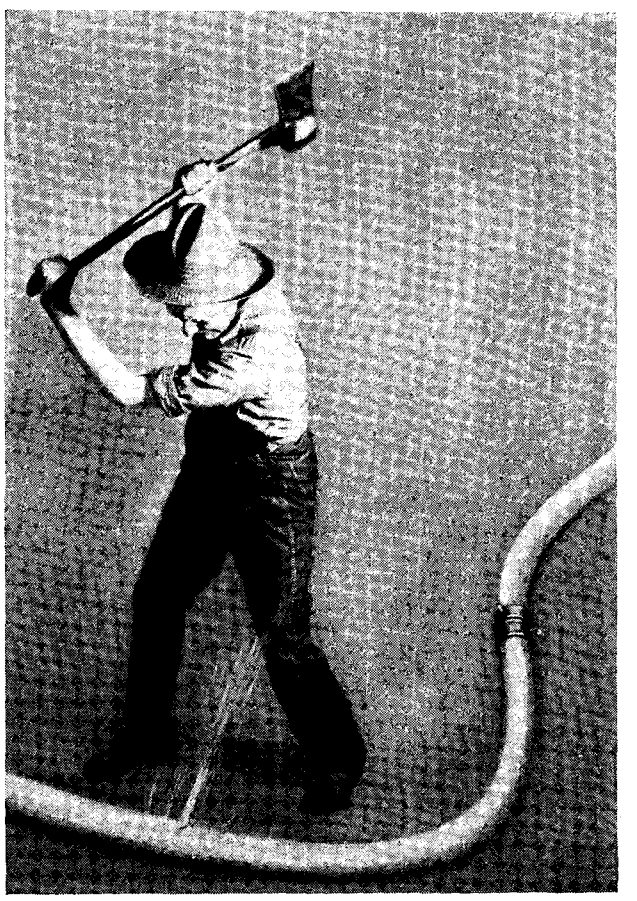
"Here's the way the matter stands between farmers and city folks," he said. "We have two kinds of money in the United States. One is the dollar, or the purchasing power, that the farmer buys with; the other is the dollar, or the purchasing power, that the city folks buy with. The farmer's dollar, which is based in power on wheat, corn, hogs or cotton, has become very weak. Six hundred bushels of wheat, for instance, used to buy a car. Now it takes two thousand bushels. And the price of cars has gone down. A hog which used to bring twenty-five dollars now brings less than ten dollars. On the average, the farm dollar buys only half as many city products as it used to. That throws city men out of employment.

"It is true that the farmer can kill a cow or a hog, or take his grain to a mill and have it ground, and that he has chickens and eggs and fruit on his place, but he is in a special kind of pickle. The dollar with which he is expected to pay the interest on his mortgage and with which he is expected to pay his taxes is such a weak dollar that he must use three times as many bushels of wheat or bales of cotton or hogs to meet his interest or his tax debts.

"Now, on the other hand, the city man's dollar has not gone down so greatly. Indeed, in some respects, it has grown stronger. It's harder to get but it does more work. The city man with his dollar can get more wheat or meat or cotton than he used to get for his dollar; while, on the other hand, Mr. Farmer, in order to get the city man's dollar, must surrender more of his wheat or cotton or livestock than he ever surrendered before. (Of course the unemployed are in a special class by themselves.) This is how, to my mind, we have come to have two kinds of dollars in the United States today. The other day while I was talking with one of the big-city writers—and in some ways I look upon myself as a city man, too—I happened to drop the remark that the farmer's dollar ought by some means be made an honest dollar. This made the city writer angry immediately, as usual, but I hope I can make the matter so clear to you that even if you are a city writer you'll be able to set the matter forth without arousing ire.

Farm Dollar Against City Dollar

"By saying that the farmer's dollar is not an honest dollar I do not mean to say that the city dollar is a dishonest one. They are based on two different things. The power of the farmer's dollar is based on what he can get for the product that his acres and his toil can produce. The city man's dollar,



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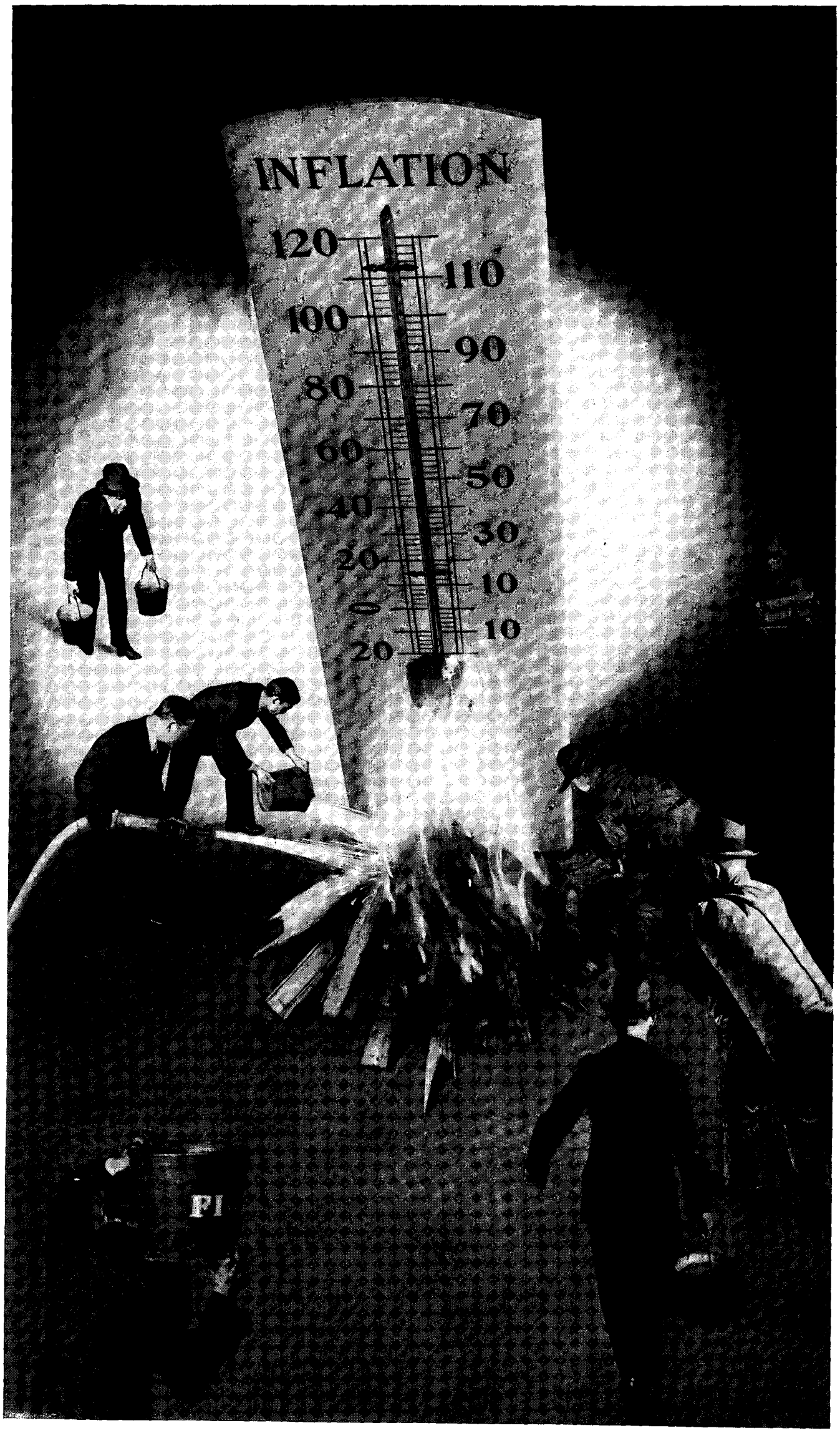

Lazarnick

The farmer's fight to solve his problem through a "controlled" currency inflation is strongly opposed by his creditors

however, is not based on the price of wheat or of cotton or of livestock, but it is based on the fact that a good many years ago it was arbitrarily decided that the price of gold, which is the basis of our money value, should be $20.67 an ounce. In other words, that a gold dollar should contain 23.22 grains of pure gold.

"Now there you have two different kinds of dollars: the gold dollar which the city man uses, and the produce dollar which the farmer has to try to stretch out to cover his debts. The farmer's produce dollar is hardly strong enough to keep his farm in his hands. He frequently loses it. The man who had the mortgage takes the farm away from him or the tax collector seizes and sells it. This is not because the farmer raises less produce on his acres than he used to raise. In fact, perhaps he raises more, but his produce dollar is not strong enough to suit the demands of the mortgage holder or the tax collector who insists that the farmer pay his debt not in wheat dollars or cotton dollars but in gold dollars or dollars based on gold values.

"Well, the farmer hasn't got any gold-value dollars to speak of, and how can he get them?"

The Farmer in the Trap

Mr. Wallace laid a knife, a fork and a soup spoon in a triangle on the tablecloth. Then he took a saltcellar and a pepper shaker and put them inside the triangle. He immediately made a graphic picture which this city writer easily understood.

"Now, this side of the triangle," he said, pointing to the knife, "we will call the reduction in crop acreage to a domestic basis. The spoon side we will call the restoration of prices by the increased use of credit and currency. The third side of the triangle we will call reduction of fixed charges, such as debts, taxes, railroad rates and the like.

"The farmers of the United States, caught in this triangular trap, are certain sooner or later to break down one or more sides."

"But would it help city folks to have the triangle broken?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," he said. "It would be a splendid thing if the city people could understand the absolute necessity for a break and could help the farmers in bringing it to pass in an orderly way.

"First, we will consider the crop reduction side of the triangle." And get ready right here, City Man, for an explanation of that idea known as domestic allotment. It's very simple. Mr. Wallace pointed to the knife. "We have today in the United States about fifty million acres of land producing stuff for a market which no longer exists. There's not the slightest use these days of growing products on that land. Everything raised on those taboo fifty million acres does more harm than good. Every crop raised on those fifty million acres only helps to weaken the farmer's dollar. Before the war, the produce from this fifty million acres was sold abroad because the foreign nations could use the interest money which we owed them to purchase our surplus. When the war ended and up to 1930, this fifty million acres of produce could be sold abroad because we loaned the foreign nations money with which to purchase. But something new has been slowly happening. Since 1930 it has been practically impossible for foreign nations to buy from us. They have gone deliberately to work to act as sensible debtor nations should. They have regulated their exchanges, raised their tariffs against our farm products, imposed tonnage quotas, increased their agricultural production. They don't

(Continued on page 48)

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She had to be Good

By Hugh Wiley

The Princess in this story didn't know her way around Hollywood. She didn't, for a fact — and cows have wings!

MR. MELL WALLSTONE, junior partner of Cosmic Productions, did the best he could to improve on the natural sneer with which the Great Architect had adorned his swarthy countenance. "The thing you should do," he said to Epher Ginsberg, the senior partner, "is to get out of my sight. The less you interfere with this business the more progress we would make."

Epher Ginsberg draped his eyelids against the effulgent radiance of Mr. Wallstone's genius. "Progress! Progress toward the poorhouse," he grunted. "No progress at all is better than progress like George King at the Chance National Bank called me up about in connection with Ladies Belong in Hades."

"Neither I or the bank should accept liability for your blond troubles! Who was it first warned you about a blond queen with her public no closer than Germany? You should be Columbus to discover female natives slinging hash in a restaurant with blond hair that needs nothing but a little publicity to sink Garbo out of sight! No, Epher, the best you should do is to enjoy yourself far, far away from the studio and let me go ahead single-handed with the job of pulling us out of our trouble."

"Such a hole we are in is a dimple compared like the Grand Canyon to what we wind up in when you get through. But go ahead—run us on the rocks. That is the main job always of a partner. Sink the boat, and when you get it sunk let me know and I will swim you ashore with a keg of prewar election whisky around my neck like them big good-natured life-saving dogs that has always to save people. Just a good-natured dog—that is my job in this partnership."

"A dog, I agree. Good-natured—when was this? Enjoy yourself for a day at one half my expense, but get out of here and let me run this business, I plead with you. Five minutes of your talent interfering on the sound stage and everybody was foaming at the mouth already like the mad scene from Macduff. A free hand is all I ask. Take a day off. It will do me good."

MR. GINSBERG considered the suggestion. The longer he thought of it the more it appealed to him. The novelty of a day off, free and away from the multitude of business details, great and small, presently became his great ambition. He resolved to enjoy a holiday away from the studio, away from his club, away from his home, away from the accustomed routine of his life.

No golf, no cards, no clubs, no theaters. "Fred, drive me to Opal Beach," he said to his chauffeur. "I'm going to get hold of some of these violent sunshine rays I been hearing about. I am run down. I understand that these here violent rays are first-class at Opal Beach."

"His mind must be collapsing," thought Fred. Opal Beach was no more exclusive than it should be. The admission price was ten cents and you were apt to see lots of people you had never seen before stretched out along the wide expanse of warm sands.

"Wait here, Fred," Mr. Ginsberg directed outside of the weather-beaten pavilion through which one approached the half mile of shoreland preserved for the ten-cent patrons of Opal Beach. "I won't be sunnink more than a couple of hours."

"All right, Mr. Ginsberg," Fred answered affably. "Look out and don't get sunburned," he cautioned. "More than ten minutes of this hot sun is dangerous if you ain't used to it."

"That also I read in the paper," Mr. Ginsberg returned.

He paid his ten cents and walked into the pavilion. He rented a bathing suit that came within three sizes of being large enough to contain his corpulent anatomy. Diving into full membership in the colony of sun bathers, he walked resolutely down the warm sands in the general direction of the Pacific Ocean. He tried the temperature of this local section of the ocean and found it better than he expected. He waded out to where the water was four feet deep and began a career that consisted of floating and saying "Phooey!" to the wavelets.

PRESENTLY he found the tranquillity that he had sought. A warm and gentle breeze coming from the heated inland country impelled him ever so slowly seaward. He closed his eyes against the lapping water and a moment later, half a universe away from the cares of earth, he was on the edge of sleep.

Out of its momentary peace his brain awakened to share the professional responsibilities of his scenario department. A plot was what Mr. Ginsberg's brain sought. Something original, something new and startling. Something completely the reverse of the bloodhounds crossing the ice. It was impossible to have the ice cross the bloodhounds. "This is what we can do —we can have them dogs sink." Forthwith the bloodhounds sank. And then, battling against a watery grave, they sought safety on the cakes of ice that floated down the river of Mr. Ginsberg's dreaming. One of the bloodhounds had sharp claws. Mr. Ginsberg realized that he was no longer president of Cosmic Productions but merely an iceberg being submerged by a bloodhound that clawed at his vitals.

He struggled a moment with the bloodhound and managed to get the beast to the surface. He awakened to discover that a sudden transformation had changed the bloodhound into a beautiful but gasping girl whose sole ambition seemed to be that of converting Mr. Ginsberg into a life raft.

"Now, now," Mr. Ginsberg remonstrated. He seized the girl by the neck and held her away from him, reaching his leg down meanwhile in search of a footing more stable than the Pacific Ocean. There appeared to be quite a lot of ocean intervening between his exploring feet and the solid sand. "Phooey!" Mr. Ginsberg started shoreward with his captured bloodhound.

Fifty feet from the shore, where the water was two feet deep, he stood up and surveyed his captive. "My God," said Mr. Ginsberg, "another burnette!" Then, "Stand up, baby, before I give you a potch on the *sitzfleisch*."

"You have saved my life!" the girl exclaimed. "My father, the King, will reward you with a chest of gold."

"MESHUGGANAH as a loon." Mr. Ginsberg rolled his eyes east and west, seeking escape. "That's all right, baby, you just tell popper to send it to me General Delivery, Hollywood."

"And your name?" the girl asked.

"Casey Jones," Mr. Ginsberg answered, noting with some surprise that the girl's voice no longer trembled.

"Mr. Casey Jones," the girl said, "you have earned my everlasting gratitude and with it the gratitude of the King, my father, and of all his people. The people of Chekrelia are your servants."

Sparring for time, still seeking escape, "How do you spell it?" Mr. Ginsberg asked. Then, before the girl could answer, "What is your name, baby?"

"I am the Princess Nila Erivan, daughter of the King Haik Dikran Erivan, King of Chekrelia."

"How do you do, I'm sure. Tell popper to send the gold like I told you:

"Get that, Mell," Mr. Ginsberg admonished. "The little girl put three

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Casey Jones, General Delivery, Hollywood. Goodby, I am much obliged to meet you." Mr. Ginsberg favored the Princess Nila with a bow that enabled him to survey her slim figure as far down as the Pacific Ocean.

He turned to encounter a life guard. "What's going on around here?" the guard inquired. "The little lady get out beyond her depth? That was a swell rescue you made. The cop up here wants to make a report of it. What was the name please?—Say, Mr. Ginsberg, your name's Ginsberg, ain't it?"

Mr. Ginsberg groaned. Such was fame—something that flew up and socked you for a loop right when you wanted to be a modest, blushing Casey Jones. He turned to the Princess Nila. "Come along, baby. Tell it to the cop."

If the cop was half as wise as the average cop, Mr. Ginsberg could get out of this brunette's clutches right then and there for a ten-dollar bill. Escorted by the admiring life guard and the Princess Nila, Mr. Ginsberg started toward whatever safety the law might afford him.

The life guard introduced him to the cop. "This is Mr. Ginsberg that runs Cosmic Productions."

"Yes, Mr. Ginsberg," said the cop, who had written half a dozen scenarios under the direction of a mail-order genius who had guaranteed to make a prominent author out of him in twelve easy lessons. "I am certainly pleased to meet you."

"He made a mighty nifty rescue of this girl," the life guard added. "Just like something from the movies."

The cop looked at the girl. "What is your name?" he said in a semiofficial tone of voice.

Interrupting, "I will be getting along now," Mr. Ginsberg stated before the Princess Nila could reply. "I am glad to have met you folks."

"Just a minute, Mr. Ginsberg," the cop suggested. "You can't tell but what this woman will claim you tried to drown her." To the girl, "What is your name? What about all this?"

The girl smiled at the cop, thereby changing the odds until they stood three to one against Mr. Ginsberg. "I am the Princess Nila, daughter of His Imperial Majesty Haik Dikran Erivan, King of Chekrelia."

THE cop made an entry in his literary notebook. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "How did you get into this mess of nearly drowning with Mr. Ginsberg of Cosmic Productions?" One never could tell where one might dig up one salable plot.

"I was captured in a Kazbek raid, dressed as a boy and taken to Salyany," the Princess explained. "On the third night my captors were overpowered—not by agents of my father's government but by Red Russians who took me to the Persian coast on their way to Tashkent, where I was sold to the Mongol master of a coffin caravan who was buying a cargo of opium. After I had walked for a month, eastward along the desert route north of the Takla Makan, the master of the caravan emptied the bones out of one of the coffins and permitted me to ride the rest of the way. We traveled by night, fearing raiders, until—"

A click of breaking lead in the cop's racing pencil interrupted the Princess Nila. "Just a minute, lady," the cop ordered. When the broken lead pencil had been sharpened, "Go ahead now. Tell us the dénouement, as De Maupassant called it."

With a confidential smirk visible only to Mr. Ginsberg, the cop pretended to give himself a hypodermic in the wrist with his lead pencil. Mr. Ginsberg frowned at this. "Never mind telling this policeman any more of your life's secrets," Mr. Ginsberg interposed gently to the Princess Nila. To the cop, "Everything is all right." To the Princess again, "We will be going now, lady. Come along with me. Get out of that bathing suit and get your clothes on and I will wait for you in the purple limousine right outside the gate."

"Yes, Mr. Ginsberg," said the Princess Nila.

Late in the afternoon, facing his partner in the executive offices of Cosmic Productions, Mr. Ginsberg introduced the Princess Nila to Mr. Wallstone. "Mell," he said, "I want you to meet a friend of mine. She is a princess by the name of Nila out of Chekrelia."

MR. WALLSTONE turned a countenance from which hope had fled, toward the Princess Nila. "Pleased to meet you," he said sourly. Inwardly, "My God! This time it is a burnette!"

"Mell, confidentially, I might state to you that maybe we have reached the end of our poisonal depression."

"Which end?" Mr. Wallstone asked sourly. "When you get time off of these here other matters I would like to show you a statement sent over by George King from the Chance National Bank that reads like a funeral announcement with a black border around it, so far as I can see."

"Never mind about that now," Mr. Ginsberg suggested. "I want you to listen intentively to a brief resumption of this little girl's history. You will see my reason for announcing that our poisonal depression is practically over. Before you start in listening I want you to send for Herman."

"Herman is busy on Stage Three with the last epic flop I hope he ever makes for us."

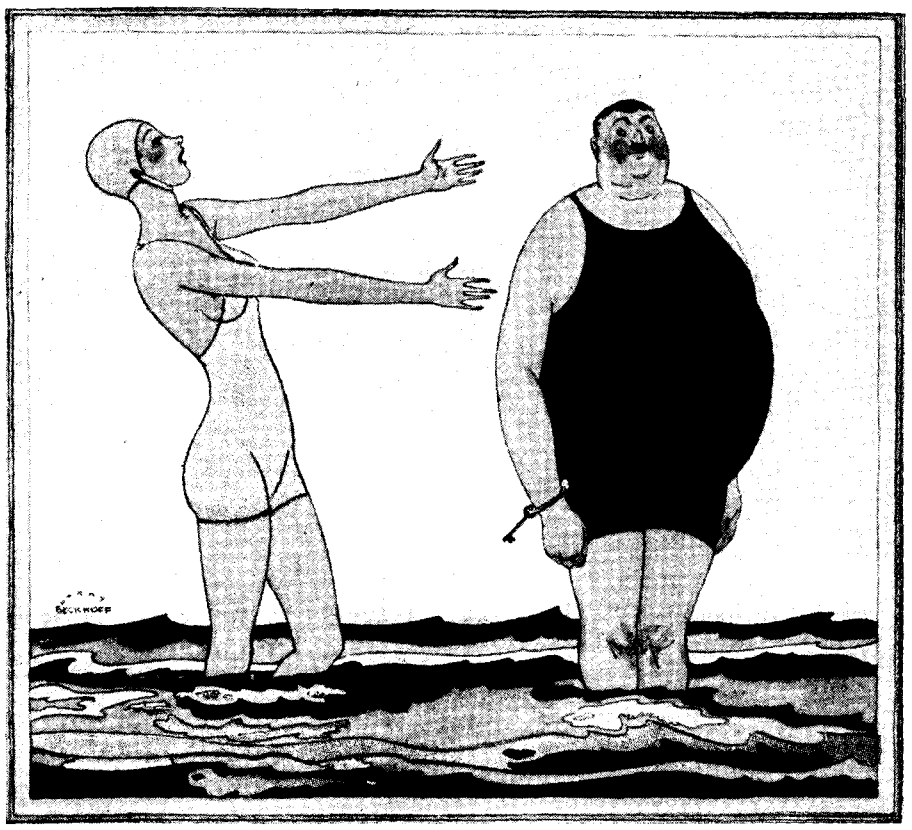
"In that case it will not hurt business to have him come in here to listen to this here princess."

When the director-in-chief of Cosmic Productions had been retrieved, Mr. Ginsberg addressed a lengthy suggestion to the Princess Nila: "First of all, tell us about your popper's place in the mountains where it takes three months for a letter to reach him if nobody shoots the mailman. Then tell us about them gold mines in the back yard of the palace where you was raised, and don't leave out the part about that river where in the summer all the green stones in the gravel is emeralds. I would like also you should speak of how you can shoot a bird with a bow and arrow while he is flying at the same time riding a horse, and how you could throw a knife fifty feet and hit the ace of hearts. Tell Mr. Wallstone here and our director-in-chief about riding in a coffin and how you strengled the soldier by choking him with the wire out of your pearl necklace. Go ahead, dearie, try to remember back as far as you can."

"I WAS born in the Kingdom of Chekrelia," the Princess began. "The name of that imperial domain is derived from an ancient appellation meaning the Hills of Heaven. My father, His Imperial Majesty Haik Dikran Erivan, the present King of Chekrelia, is the forty-first ruler in the direct line of kings that have governed the Hills of Heaven. My father's kingdom, as you measure distances in this vast territory, is hardly larger than one of your California counties. The Hills of Heaven on ancient maps are four ranges of mountains that enclose my father's kingdom, which is about forty miles wide and sixty miles long. There have been times in the past when less than one hundred fighting men survived in the armies of Chekrelia but the country has never been captured. Five years ago our grain fields were enriched with the bodies of thirty thousand soldiers of the Red forces. We are a peaceful people if we are let alone.

"My father insisted that I be taught

(Continued on page 37)



"You have saved my life!" the girl exclaimed

Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

of them Reds on the spot before midnight"

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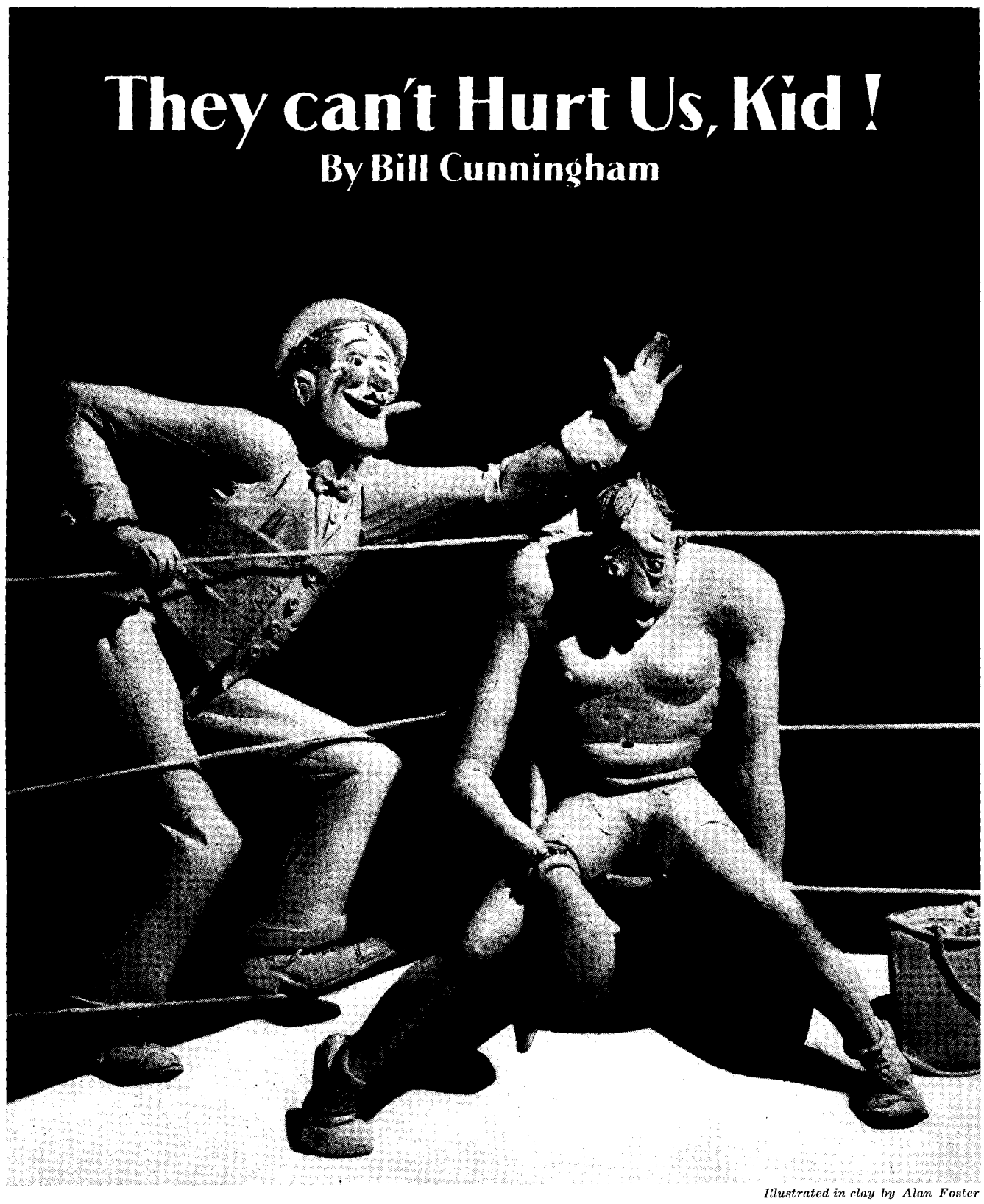
They can't Hurt Us, Kid!

By Bill Cunningham



Illustrated in clay by Alan Foster

Fight managers are human—which is to say there are good ones and bad ones. They work hard. And sometimes, through greed, they overwork their man. That may, and often does, result in tragedy. Here Mr. Cunningham gives you the inside story of these astute and indispensable ring accessories

IN a big southern sanitarium, not long ago, the pleasant young interne who was showing me through stopped at a sunny veranda.

"There's a fellow in here you must know," he said. "You remember Kid So-and-So."

"The fighter, you mean?" I asked. "Certainly I remember him, and boy, how he stiffened 'em with that sweet shift of his! What's he doing here?"

"The usual thing. Punch-drunk. He's all right at times. In fact, he goes along for three or four months at a stretch, but then he starts hearing things and getting dizzy again. It's a tough case, too. He's got a wife and three or four kids. He hasn't got a dime, but somebody had the good sense, either before he started fighting or before he was too banged up to show it, to get him some sort of an insurance policy that enables him to come here for treatment. But there isn't any treatment for that kind of trouble. We just book him 'for observation' and let him hang around until his head clears. Then he's back again in three or four months."

The battered gladiator, young still in years, but old in point of wars, lifted slightly glazed eyes from the jig-saw puzzle over which he was clumsily fiddling. He bore all the trade-marks of his old profession. His brows, seamed by ancient cuts, bulged shed-like over his eyes and the cheek bones came up to meet them. His nose looked something like a stunted sweet potato, and his ears like two water-soaked biscuits.

From the depths of a faded bathrobe, he grinned a toothless smile and said he was feeling "pretty good."

"It's them bells," he croaked in that rasping voice that fighters often get for some reason; "if them damn' bells would only stop ringin'. But they ain't ringin' so bad this mornin'. I keep hearin' them bells, though, and I know there ain't no bells around here nowheres. It's like to drive me nuts sometime. . . ."

A Sacrifice to Sport

"No," said the doctor, "there isn't a thing you can do. That condition doesn't come from one blow. It's a cumulative condition caused by a long series of hard blows to the head. They're really minor concussions of the brain, each causing what we know as a pin-point hemorrhage. When the Kid got to us it was too late for the doctor. The thing that should have been done was the halting of his career when it began to be plain that his best days were over, that all he could do was stand in there and take a beating. I don't know what sort of butchers were handling his affairs, but, by continually throwing him in just to get a few dollars, they wound him up in the shape you see."

I knew the butcher. There was only one. He was the Kid's former manager. As a matter of fact, I'd seen him on Broadway not a week before. He was looking dapper, as usual. His trousers bore a crease that you could have sharpened a pencil on. He sported a necktie louder than that of some crack British regiment, a gardenia and a pair of well-worn but neatly brushed spats. His cigar was aromatic, and the blonde with him glittering.

"Hello, kid," he said expansively; "how's tricks?"

"Okay," said I; "how're they going with you?"

"Lousy," he said, "but what's the use of yelping? The fight business is flat, but I got mine when the going was good and the market didn't clip me of all of it. So I'm just marking time until some bum comes along who can keep his feet south of his neck, then I hope to get aboard and make a few dollars. I haven't flapped a towel in so long my joints are getting rusty."

"I didn't know you were completely out of the racket," I said. "What's become of Kid So-and-So? The last I heard you were out west with him."

"How He Could Take It!"

"Oh, he finally got washed up and I retired him," he said magnanimously, with an expert flipping of ashes; "he never really got over that last bad shellacking he took and so I told him he'd better quit. He's down south somewhere with his folks. I think his wife's father had a farm down there or something. Boy, if I could only get another one like him, depression or no depression, I'd rather have him than an oil well! He gave the fans what they paid to look at and then some! He not only gave it, but how he could take it! You know, he was never off his feet, not even at the end of it. He got busted up a little in some of his last fights, to be sure. You know those old guys get to where they cut pretty easy. That's what stopped Dempsey. But nobody ever had the Kid on the floor, not even at the end. How's that for a record for some of these would-be's to shoot at?"

There you have a portrait of the dumb but willing war horse and the "stay-in-there-kid-he-can't-hurt-us" type of manager. I've left them anonymous, but they're verbatim. I won't be brutal enough to say that they're exactly and universally typical but you'll find that they hang pretty close to the center of every Marquis of Queensbury gallery.

There isn't a town listed in the files of pugilism as "a good boxing center" that hasn't stumbling around in its slums a few hammered human derelicts picking at garbage cans and mumbling to themselves, putting up their fists suddenly when a street car gong bangs, haunting smelly gymnasiums where boxers work—young in years, some of them, but old men physically with skip-stop minds. And somewhere, too, still dapper, perhaps still handling fighters, at least sound and undamaged save by the fleshpots, are the "stay-in-there-kid-he-can't-hurt-us" gentlemen who combed percentages off the derelicts' purses and kept "t'rowin' 'em in" until there was nothing to "t'row."

It wouldn't be fair not to state, however, that there's the other sort, too—the humane, solicitous, almost mothering manager who seems personally to feel every smack that his charge collects in a combat, who tries to persuade or even forces his fighter to stop before it's too late.

For instance, Tom Gibbons and the late Eddie Kane. A scene that has never been reported occurred between them in a New York hotel room around midnight of June 5, 1925. Gibbons, after some dozen years in the wars and better than two hundred combats, had just been knocked out, for the first

(Continued on page 30)

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Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

"Shoot!" the old chief cried. "I'll say Union until I die"

No Surrender

An aristocrat of Mississippi and of the Choctaw Nation, Greenwood Leflore was suspect both to the white men and the red. He achieved wealth and position; and he lost both, but he never lost his fierce independence—not even in the four years when he was a lonely Unionist in the heart of the embattled South

By Harris Dickson

THE Mason and Harpe gang of murderers had just been wiped out. For ten years, since 1802, peaceable Choctaws were settled along the Natchez Trace as tavern-keepers and ferrymen. Their tribe never robbed a traveler nor harbored a miscreant, so that white friends might pass in comparative security.

By treaty in 1801, the Choctaw Nation agreed that their ancient footpath might be widened for the use of wagons, at the same time reserving the exclusive right to keep all houses of entertainment and operate the ferries, out of which they reaped good profits.

During the depredations of Mason and Harpe, however, even such a stalwart pioneer as Major Donly would not have cared to hazard the journey from Nashville, unless he rode in well-armed company.

Natchez had been lately taken over from the Spaniards and Nashville was still an outpost of civilization when Major Donly went jogging northward through patches of sunlight and the soft, sweet hush of woodland shadows. He traveled alone, without fear, trusting the Choctaws and recognizing in them many qualities that white races would do well to imitate. As an example: It is impossible to imagine a paleface criminal doing what the Choctaw invariably does. Blood for blood, life for life, is their tribal law, yet if one brave kills another he is not arrested, but merely notified to appear at a certain place for trial. There the judges hear evidence, and, if he is guilty, sentence him to death. Even then it is unnecessary to shackle the doomed man in a cell. He is told the date of execution and meanwhile goes free; but because his word is given to return not a single Choctaw has failed to present himself at the appointed hour, to kneel beside an open grave with a target over his heart, and receive the fatal thrust. Afterwards his name is never mentioned.

Their warriors told the truth, their squaws kept virtuous, nevertheless the tribe in many respects was primitive and brutal. Once a white man happened upon a village where he saw groups of Indians squatting around, eating from a common pot with a wooden spoon. Suddenly a warrior became infuriated at his wife and leaped up to pursue her with a hatchet. The terrified creature dodged in and out amongst her friends, yet not one of them protested.

The Flower of the Fête

"Don't kill her here," an old man grunted; "she'll stink. Chase her down to the creek."

Up from these surroundings sprang the incredible figure of Greenwood Leflore, last chief of the Choctaws, who died as lord of vast estates and of a baronial mansion in which he dispensed the hospitality of a prince.

Major Donly, government contractor for carrying the mail between Nashville and Natchez, frequently rode the Trace, always stopping overnight with his partner, Lewis LeFleur, who kept a tavern at French Camp in north-central Mississippi. Lewis LeFleur, father of Greenwood, was himself a remarkable person, originally a French-Canadian voyageur, who drifted south and amassed a fortune in the keel-boat trade. His family name is now unknown, because the youth had been such a famous dancer that maidens in Canada called him the "Flower of the Fête." Hence the name LeFleur, by English tongues corrupted into Leflore.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, Lewis settled on Pearl River in Mississippi at a point then called LeFleur's Bluff, now Jackson, the state capital. There he married a half-Choctaw girl, Rebecca Cravat, a niece of Pushmataha, most eloquent and warlike of Choctaws.

Those few Indians who remain in Mississippi still speak with reverence of Rebecca, as "a high-up lady." Her son by Lewis was christened Greenwood. All mixed up in that small quarter-bred boy was the lightness and vivacity of a French father, tempered by the steadfast truth of Rebecca Cravat, while vague and shadowy behind him stood the towering phantom of Pushmataha the Mighty.

Upon the present occasion, when Major Donly alighted and hitched his horse near the crude tavern at French Camp, little Greenwood was twelve years old, utterly ignorant of books and scarcely differing from his half-naked, copper-colored playfellows. The child spoke nothing but Choctaw, knew nothing but Choctaw ways. Yet he possessed a shrewd intelligence, as Major Donly knew.

Without much trouble, the major persuaded Lewis to let Greenwood go with him for a white man's education at Nashville.

White Blood to the Front

In that thriving, bustling village beside the Cumberland River, the lad's observant Indian eyes first noted how a paleface lived, and knew the refinements of a cultured home. Perhaps his dormant French instinct awoke and warred with the red blood that was his. What came of that internal strife nobody ever guessed; yet, at the very pinnacle of his prosperity, Colonel Greenwood Leflore was sometimes a white man, sometimes a Choctaw.

As a member of Major Donly's household the boy lived for upwards of six years, poring over his books and learning much that is not found in printed volumes. Rosa Donly helped him with his studies so sweetly that one day young Greenwood went to her father and said, with the directness which characterized him:

"Major, I love your daughter Rosa. She loves me. We wish to marry."

(Continued on page 45)

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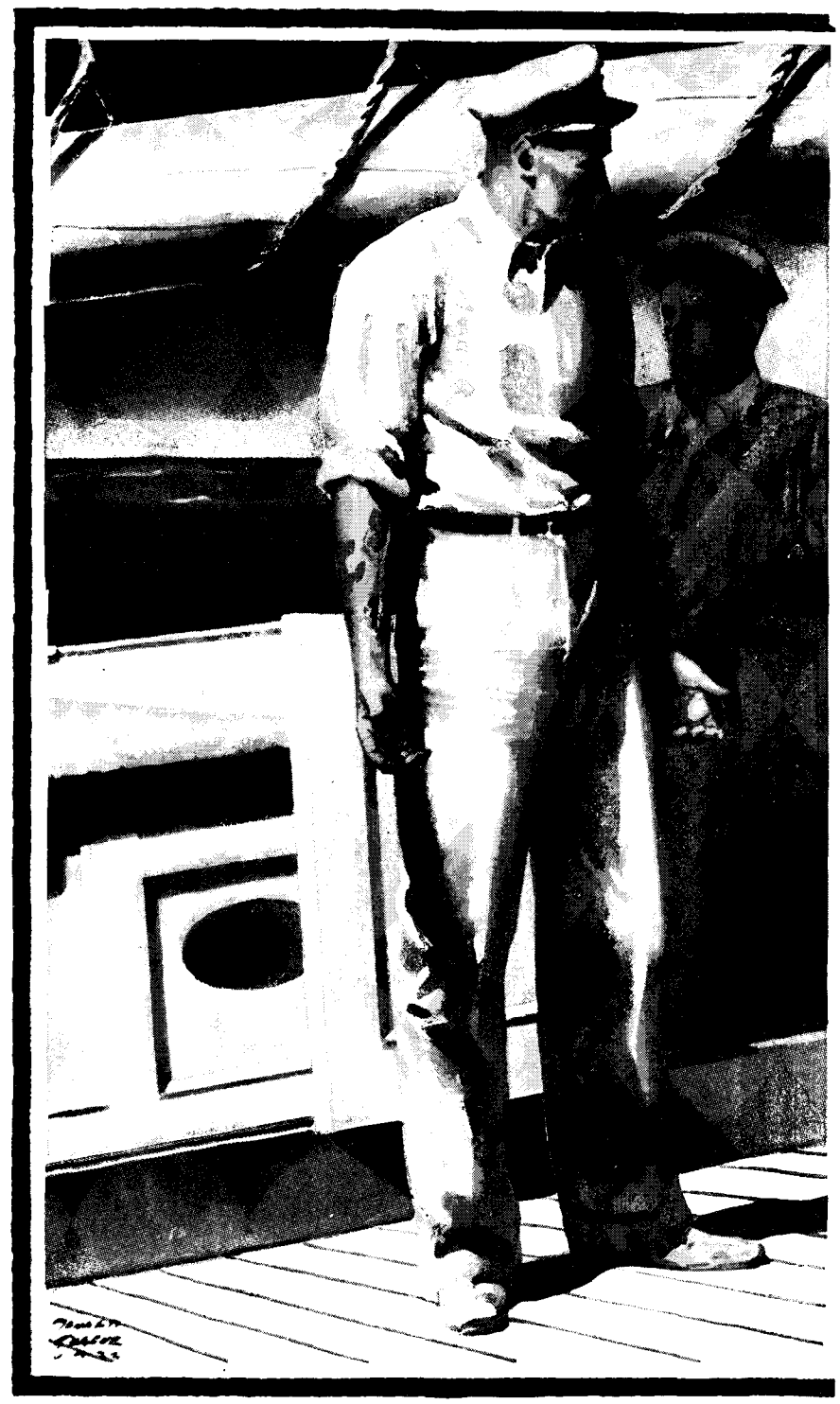
Hero Number Three

Captain Slocum, of the Alan Adair, shows his shipmates how to be hard

By Albert Richard Wetjen



Donald Teague

"Plague?" said Captain Slocum sharply. "Cholera,"

CAPTAIN SLOCUM was irritated, and it was common talk through all the Islands that he was seldom anything else. He had no sense of humor. He had no sentiment. He suffered from the pains of old wounds gathered during forty years of taming the savage archipelagoes, and then also he had dyspepsia. He was a wasp of a man—wiry, aggressive and sour. His hair was sun-bleached and almost white. His quivering lean face was the color of old leather. His walk was jerky and he talked with jerky motions of his hands.

"It's enough to make a man sick!" he exploded. "Here the second mate gets a whack of fever and the damned mate has to hold his hand for two solid days!"

He was walking crisply up and down the poop of the three-masted copra schooner Alan Adair, a cigar jutting from his mouth, the wind rippling his shirt, a peaked cap pulled over his eyes and his feet flapping aggressively inside their rope-soled canvas shoes. The ship was running sweetly before the Trade across a cabbage-green sea, lifting and falling easily to the swells. Weed dotted the water; flying fish sprayed to sight on occasion; and the silent fin of a shark kept pace with the ship off the port beam. The sun above was a ball of molten brass, the sky was a furnace, and there hovered over the vessel, like a shadow, the sickly sweet smell of dried coconut.

"Two solid days!" blared Captain Slocum. "Hasn't had a wink of sleep. Hell of a fine mate, I say. You'd think he was a nursemaid!"

HE HALTED before the white man sprawled in a cane chair beneath a small awning and he glared at him. The man was a planter the Alan Adair was bringing back to Samarai off New Guinea, a lean, cynical individual, drained by the heat, attired only in pajama pants and a fan of split banana leaf, a limp cheroot drooping beneath his mustache and a case of lukewarm German beer beside him.

"Well, the second mate's his kid brother, ain't he?" he drawled.

"What of it?" demanded Captain Slocum. "He owes something to the ship, doesn't he? He can't keep any sort of watch when he needs sleep!"

"Not much of a watch to keep this weather," yawned the other. "Sit down and keep cool."

"A lot you care!" said Captain Slocum bitterly. He jerked away to the for'ard rail and glared amidships. The Kanaka crew was working sweatily and singing in a monotonous undertone.

"Stop that noise!" roared Captain Slocum, and the singing ceased. The planter settled more comfortably in his chair and sighed. Old Slocum wouldn't be happy if he hadn't something to worry about. If it wasn't the mate it would be something else. The price of copra, the multitude of rats that swarmed the old schooner, the laziness of Kanakas, the weather, the administration. It didn't matter much. The irritability of Captain Slocum was notorious. There were old-timers, it was true, who defended him. What else could you expect of a man who had spent forty-odd years in this damned climate? Living on gin and quinine. Racking a ship back and forth through archipelagoes the charts weren't sure about, infested with fevers and savages and white men worse than savages. What else could you expect? Old Slocum hadn't always been that way. The planter pitched his limp cheroot over the rail and shook his head. Maybe the old-timers were right, but it didn't seem reasonable. Captain Slocum came aft again, chewing on his cigar.

"YOU'D think he was his father or his wife!" he stated. "Watches that kid brother of his like he was something precious. Lot of rot! I don't know why I don't kick 'em both off the ship!"

"Well, why don't you?" asked the planter wearily, reaching for a bottle of beer. Captain Slocum snorted.

"The mate's a good man," he acknowledged grudgingly. "And the second's fair enough. They both keep reasonably sober anyway, and that's something in this climate. But it makes me sick!" He took out his cigar and spat forcibly. "Up in Port Moresby last trip the kid gets knocked off the lighter somehow. Couple of dozen men around fit to lug him out. But, no! First thing I see is the fool mate taking a dive from the rail here. Hero stuff! Told me he was afraid there might be a shark around."

"Have a drink?" said the planter. Captain Slocum waved the beer aside. He considered beer a drink for children, anyway.

"Trip before that," he rambled on, "the mate gets in some sort of a roughhouse on Tiafura Beach. Half a dozen Chinks swarming over him. The fool second mate gets into it with a chair and pretty nearly kills one man. I have to spend four solid hours arguing with the magistrate before I can sail. And now because the kid gets the willies his big brother has to hold his hand. Bah!"

"Hold on!" said the planter quickly. Captain Slocum jerked about and scowled. The mate was coming out of the main cabin scuttle, a finely built man in his early thirties, heavily tanned and with much tattooing on his bare brown arms. He looked tired.

"The kid's better," he announced. "Sleeping now."

"Did you tuck him in?" snarled Captain Slocum. The mate laughed good-humoredly.

"Sure," he said. "Got to keep him sweating."

"Have a drink," said the planter. The mate took the bottle and drank.

"WANT me to take over while you turn in, sir?" he suggested to the captain. The captain glared.

"You're the one who's going to turn in!" he exploded. "I'm sick of seeing you around. Get to hell out of my sight. I don't want a man on deck who can hardly keep his eyes open!"

The mate stared at him and nodded. It was never any use arguing with Captain Slocum.

"I'm tired all right," he confessed. "But I didn't like to leave the kid. Thought he'd got a dose of blackwater but I guess it was just malaria."

"That's what I told you when it started!" snapped the other.

"Well, I wanted to be sure." The mate wiped his lips, handed back the beer bottle and turned to go.

"Mind, I said sleep!" rapped Captain Slocum unpleasantly. "We'll be coming up to Banks Island after dark and I'll need help."

"Four or five hours'll fix me up," the mate assured him and went below again.

He stepped softly into the room opposite his own, where his younger brother lay breathing evenly in the bunk beneath the open skylight. There was no mistaking the kinship. They had the same strong features, the same firm jaws, the same brown hair. But the one in the bunk was not yet twenty, and slenderly built, and the Islands had not yet sapped his smoothness and his youth. The mate laid a gentle hand on his forehead, a little patting motion.

"Good kid," he whispered. "You'll be all right when you wake up." He adjusted the blanket, smoothed the pillow, wiped perspiration from the sleeper's face and softly went out. Captain Slocum was glaring down through the open skylights of the main cabin.

"I said sleep!" he snapped. "And if you don't stay out of that room I'll lock the damned door!"

THE Alan Adair made Banks Island by moonrise that night and anchored in the bay. With the first of the dawn, boats were alongside and the sacked copra from the shore plantation was lifted aboard and stored below. The planter, who belonged on another island two hundred miles away, went ashore to visit while the schooner was loaded, and when the second mate tottered on deck, thin and weak, Captain Slocum packed him ashore too.

"You're no damned good staggering around here!" he told him explosively. "Get out!"

The second mate went when his brother nodded agreement. Captain Slocum bit the end from a fresh cigar and rolled up his shirt sleeves.

"I'll have to pitch in myself, I suppose," he complained. "That's what comes of shipping kids like that. Fold up at the least touch of fever."

"I'll handle his work," said the mate, smiling. "We're only loading in one hold anyway."

"Bah!" said Captain Slocum, and leaned over the rail to swear in two languages and half a dozen dialects at the sweating Kanakas in the boats.

The Alan Adair stayed at Banks Is-

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said the mate

land for two days and then, picking up her anchor, she put to sea for her next call. The planter and the second mate returned on board just before she sailed, the one weaving more than a little from endless gins, and the other almost recovered from his sickness.

"You've certainly got 'em all talking," he told his brother with a touch of irritation. "That plantation gang's calling you a nursemaid and taking digs at me. Why didn't you let the steward look after me? I was all right. No need for you to sit around all that time just because I had a touch of malaria."

"Aw, it was too hot to sleep anyway," said his brother. The other lighted a cigarette and scowled a little.

"You act like I couldn't take care of myself," he complained. "I'm not a kid."

"Sure you're not," said the other soothingly. "But there's nothing to get sore about."

"I didn't mean it that way," was the quick response. "But you make me mad sometimes."

Captain Slocum leaned over the for'ard poop rail.

"When you two get through telling each other how good you are, might I request a little attention for the headsails?" he said sarcastically. The planter standing beside him laughed and waved his cheroot around. He was feeling expansive and he had the hiccoughs.

"Sometime one or the other of 'em'll take a sock at you," he prophesied. "Hic! . . . You better look out! No sense makin' . . . hic . . . fun. Let 'em alone. They're crazy 'bout each other."

"You'd better sit down before you fall down," said Captain Slocum icily. As a man who drank his two quarts of gin a day without appreciable effect he had no patience with men who weaved. He had no patience with anything.

THE Alan Adair ran into a heavy calm a day after leaving Banks Island, and for forty-eight hours rolled sickeningly upon a sullen purple sea beneath a cloud-hung sky that dripped with heat. Then the Trade came sharp from the southeast and she snored into it for half a day before the sight of a small barkentine with a string of flags flying halted her.

It was early in the afternoon. Captain Slocum and the mate were on the poop, pacing up and down. The planter and the second mate were below playing cards.

"What in hell does she want?" demanded Captain Slocum, grabbing the glasses and examining the barkentine. She was heaving-to in a clumsy fashion and there was something vaguely ominous about her. Captain Slocum nearly bit through his cigar when he identified the flags on her halyards.

"Get a boat overside, mister," he said, and his voice was curiously flat. The mate looked at him, then took the glasses and stared at the barkentine. He whistled after a moment and without a word went down to the main deck. Captain Slocum carefully adjusted his peaked cap, spat over the rail and walked to the main cabin skylights.

"Is that all you've got to do?" he said harshly. "Get on deck!"

The second mate looked up and obediently dropped his cards and rose, for all it was his watch below and there was nothing in the way of an emergency, so far as he was aware, that could demand his presence on deck. The planter swore, took a drink and, his game spoiled, followed the second mate up the companion. The second mate heard the whining of the boat falls and stared amidships. And then caught sight of the barkentine.

"What's wrong with her, sir?" he said quickly. Captain Slocum chewed on his cigar and scowled.

"Fleas!" he snapped and handed the second mate the glasses.

The boat was away now and four brawny Kanakas lifted her across the oily swells toward the distant ship. On the poop deck of the Alan Adair no one spoke. The planter had seen the flags and the second mate had translated them. In half an hour the boat was back. The mate came on the poop, his face pale and his mouth tight.

"Plague?" said Captain Slocum sharply.

"Cholera," said the mate. "And she's got a hundred and twenty Chinks under hatches. Articled labor from Tench Island. Taking them back to Brisbane for reshipment."

"What the hell do they want us to do?" demanded Captain Slocum violently. "We're not a hospital!"

"Her skipper died yesterday," explained the mate. "The second mate died before that. The supercargo and the third mate skipped out in the dinghy. The mate's the only white man left aboard and he's laid out in a hammock on the poop. I had to stand up in the boat to talk to him. Didn't dare board. He figures maybe he'll last until morning. Maybe not that long."

There was a tight silence. They all looked at Captain Slocum. And Captain Slocum swore vindictively.

Inside the doorway of the mate's room the second mate was lying, a bruise darkening on one side of his jaw

"Here I figure on making a quick trip and we run into this," he choked. "All because some fool ship has to get the cholera. What do they want to do that for, eh? Tell me that?"

He chewed on his cigar and jerked his cap viciously over his eyes.

"What crew's she got?"

"Had twenty; Samoan boys. Twelve left alive. They're scared but they'll stick, her mate says. He clamped the Chinks below hatches as soon as things broke. They're dying down there, but he's scared to let 'em out, seeing he won't be able to handle 'em. They'll take charge. He wants to know if we can tow him somewhere or, failing that, if we can put someone on board to navigate him to Samarai."

The planter choked over his cheroot, his face ashen.

"YOU can't tow 'em to my island," he protested. "We've no doctors and if that cholera gets loose in the villages . . ." Captain Slocum glared at him and he subsided.

"She'll have to be worked into Samarai," he snapped. "Nothing else for it. Slam her in quarantine there and let the administration take charge." He looked sharply at the mate and the mate nodded.

"I'll get packed," he said evenly. The second mate took half a step forward and put out one hand.

"Cholera?" he said. "Chinks below hatches? . . . What's the chances?"

The mate patted his shoulder and pushed by him. The second mate looked at Captain Slocum, who was idly humming to himself and drumming on the rail with quick fingers, his face dark.

"What's the chances?" repeated the second mate, his voice rising. The captain looked at him and shrugged.

"Maybe fifty-fifty," he said carelessly. "He ought to get the ship into Samarai before he goes under."

The second mate's face went white and he swallowed hard.

"He's not going!" he said harshly. "I've got my ticket and I'll take her."

The planter drew in a sharp breath.

"Better forget it, kid," he advised. "It'll be a man's job. Can't keep those Chinks below forever, and when they get out it'll mean navigating with a gun in each hand. There was a similar case up in the Louisiades some years ago."

"It's the mate's job," said Captain Slocum indifferently. The second mate caught at his arm.

"He's not going! He can't go. He's got a wife in Sydney and two babies. Let me take her." He was very much in earnest, and very young.

Captain Slocum pitched his cigar overside and bit the end off another.

"TOUCHING," he said dryly. "Maybe you'd both like to go. Or maybe you think I ought to go?"

"You can't leave your own ship," choked the second mate. "But you can order me away. I'll . . ."

"What the hell do I care who goes?" exploded Captain Slocum. "Figure it out between you. All I want is to get on my course again." He jerked away and went to the for'ard rail. The second mate looked at the planter, who shook his head, and then he stumbled towards the main cabin scuttle and went below. Captain Slocum came back, irritated.

"It makes me sick!" he blared. "They can't even do a plain job without fighting about it. Bah!" The planter looked at him queerly.

"I guess they think a lot of each other," he remarked. Captain Slocum snorted and went aft to take a drink from the bottle he invariably kept near the wheel.

He made the drink a good one while

(Continued on page 41)

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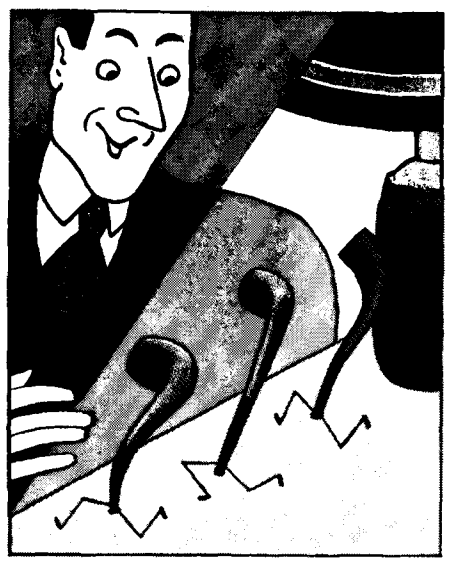


No Offense

By Don Marquis

Almost any way I look I can see something which cheers me up

I WAS talkin' to a stranger in Jake Smith's speakeasy yesterday, who got me all worried up," said the Old Soak as he parked himself beside my desk and helped himself liberally to my pipe tobacco.

"He was a very reliable-lookin' kind of a stranger, and he says things to me about politics and feenance and debts and revolutions and inflation and gold standards and unemployment and wars and the capitalistic system and these here Communists that like to of made my hair curl.

"'Mister,' I says to him after a while, 'I thank heaven I can't understand half what you're talkin' about; I'm gettin' scareder and scareder every minute. Will you have a drink?'

"No sooner said than done, and when he had downed it he says to me:

"'I guess if you can't understand what I say, you are one of these here capitalists.'

"'Well,' I says, 'a feller might *be* one, and still not like to be *called* one by a stranger he don't know so well.'

"'No offense, Mister,' he says. 'Will you have a drink?'

"No sooner said than done.

"'Suppose,' I says, 'that just for the sake of argyment I admitted I *was* one? Huh?'

"I'd be sorry if you did,' he says; 'you seem such an intelligent feller.'

"'I know I'm an intelligent feller,' I said. 'No stranger needs to tell me that. But what then?'

"'Well,' he says, 'a lot of you capitalists is gonna be shot against a wall in the next two years.'

"'Great guns!' I says, 'because we are intelligent fellers, or because we are capitalists?'

"'Now,' he says, 'don't get gay with me!'

"'No offense,' I says. 'Will you have a drink?'

"No sooner said than done.

"'I suppose,' I says, 'you're one of these here Rooshan Communists yourself?'

"'Suppose I was?' he says.

"'I'd be sorry for it,' I says. 'A lot of them fellers is gonna get clubbed if they shoots off their mouth.'

"'Listen,' he says . . . and then was when he pulled all them things on me about feenance and revolutions that scared me darn near to death.

"'You know what the farmers is doin' in the Middle West, don't you?' he says. 'What do you capitalists think about that?'

"'Well,' I says, 'if you was to tell them same farmers you was a Communist, quite likely they would sprain your neck for you. They don't like them furrin kind of politics. They roll their own. And what do you think of that?'

"'No offense,' he says. 'Will you have a drink?'

"No sooner said than done.

"'Yeah,' he says, 'I suppose you like this here new Cabinet of Roosevelt's?'

"'Well,' says I, 'what's the matter with it?' Not that I remember who it was, but no Communist can put that tone of voice over on me. All them Communists is atheists, and I believe the Good Book from cover to cover, so it stands to reason I'm right in politics and they are wrong.

"'What's the matter with it?' he says. 'Look at it!'

"'Listen,' I says, 'they ain't but two things I ask out of politics—less taxes and better liquor, and I'm gonna stick to Roosevelt till he shows he can't give 'em to me.'

"'Don't you care nothin' about the future of the world and the brotherhood of man?' he asks.

"'I sure do,' I says. 'That's why I want less taxes and better liquor.'

"'Everybody ought to work sixteen hours a week,' he says.

"'There ain't no government can get me up to that,' I says. 'I'm against the hours of labor being elongated for me to that extent.'

"'You mean shortened,' he says.

"'I know what I mean,' I says.

"'No offense,' he says. 'Have a drink?'

"No sooner said than done.

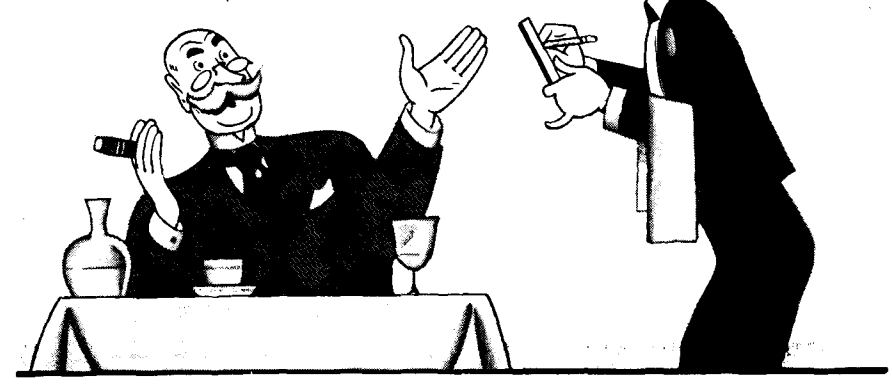
"Then he pulled a lot of stuff about machines onto me that scared me worse and worse.

"And that's how I got in bad with Jake Smith. The more that feller talked about machines the more scared I got of 'em; and I turned away from the bar and there was a machine gettin' ready to jump me.

"So I done the natural thing—I beat it to death with a chair, like anyone would who was waitin' for it to attack him.

"And Jake Smith first throwed me out on my ear, and then put it on my bill, for he says it was one of them innocent slot machines that never bit nobody.

"Well, anyhow, them is my political sentiments, and I'm gonna stick to 'em—less taxes and better liquor for one and all!"



Illustrated by Ray Rohn

They were talking about fishing

A BULLETIN FROM ARCHY
THE COCKROACH

in a restaurant uptown
i dropped into a beef stew
yesterday for a warm bath
and a bite to eat
and i heard a horrid discussion
between a waiter and a customer
they were talking about fishing
and the customer says the best luck
he ever had was one time when he
was staying at a run down hotel
in the country and he used cockroaches
for bait
the waiter made a note
and says he is going to write
to a rod and gun column in a paper
about it
yes says the customer do so and I bet
you
in a year from now
they won't be using anything but cock-
roaches
and they will be worth almost
their weight in gold
boss please petition congress at once
and get a law passed
against cruel and unusual bait
after all i have done for this country
am i to be in danger
of getting the hook like that
if you abolish the cockroaches
no boarding house will seem like home
and no home like a boarding house
why i have lived in places
which would have fallen down
if the spider webs and cockroaches
had been removed
i consider fishing a barbarous sport
anyhow

archy

Almost any way I look I can see something which cheers me up a little. . . . I can see people who I am glad didn't get into the Cabinet.

This story about aliens getting smuggled in from Cuba at fifty dollars a head is more cheering news than it seems to be at first reading. It shows that in spite of our little depression, and things of that sort, it is still worth something to somebody somewhere else to connect himself somehow with this country.

Why doesn't somebody invent a tobacco pipe which will come running up like a dog when you whistle for it?

I wish all this debt negotiation and debt conference stuff would stop, and fall out of the papers. It keeps people reminded that there are such things as debts . . . and after a while that consciousness is bound to work around into something personal.

I can't see that this is a Sordid and Unromantic and Materialistic Age. People still marry on nothing and fill the almshouses with children.

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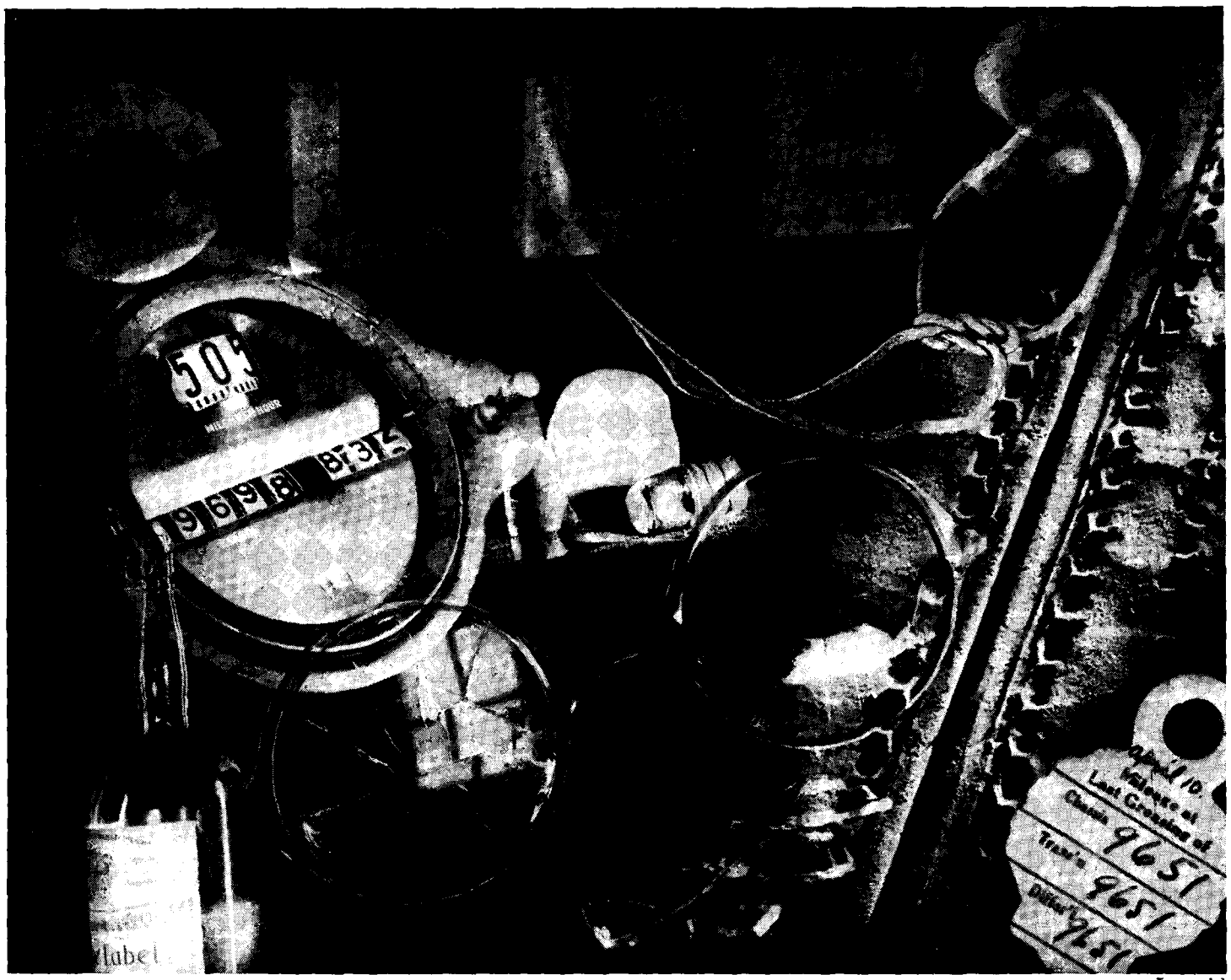

Lazarnick

Too Many Miles

By William MacHarg

Another clueless crime, with Detective O'Malley on the job of putting two and two together

"THIS case," said O'Malley, "a truck owner got knocked over. This fellow had a fleet of trucks and rented 'em, and sometimes I guess he rented some to rum-runners. Well, he was on Long Island for some reason. Then they found his car and looked up the license—Mawson his name was. Then they found him. He was in Jamaica Bay."

"What had been done to him?" I asked.

"He had been shot. A guy's got no chance to solve this kind of case, because he asks questions but nobody tells him the answers."

We started asking questions. We were at police headquarters. They had a hard-eyed, well-dressed young man there, named Kizer, and O'Malley began with him.

"You a bootlegger?" he inquired. "Speak up; I'm no enforcement officer."

"That's what I am."

"You rent some trucks from this dead guy the night that he got killed?"

"Not me. Some other fellows did. They delivered my part of the stuff to me all right. I don't know their names."

"In this case I guess nobody don't know any names."

Mrs. Mawson had been brought to headquarters, but had collapsed. A police surgeon had been taking care of her, and her own doctor had come there too. The doctors let us see her only a few minutes.

"What was your husband doing on Long Island that night?" O'Malley asked her.

"I have no idea. He never told me anything about his business."

"Did he know he was on the spot?"

"If he did, he kept it from me. He knew I was always afraid something like this might happen. He was always driving around alone at night."

"When did you see him last?"

"At dinner. The car was parked outside. After dinner he said he was going out and might be late, but I didn't think anything of that because it happened so often."

MRS. MAWSON'S doctor came out of the room with us. He was young and pleasant-spoken and his name was Landol.

"Mrs. Mawson is in no condition to remember details right now," he told us. "If she recalls anything that will be of help to you I'll make a note of it."

We thanked him.

"We'll go see where they found the guy," O'Malley decided.

We drove out to Jamaica Bay. There were marshes and innumerable inlets of the sea, and scores of small boats, some of which I did not doubt were rum-runners; and there were tire tracks in the marsh near where Mawson had been found, and O'Malley made careful note of them. We went then to look at Mawson. He didn't look as I expected a truck owner would look. He was a dapper little man about thirty-five years old, partly bald, and he had worn horn-rimmed spectacles. His spectacles were broken. He had been tightly tied with several pieces of new rope, and the police had cut the rope.

"Are those seaman's knots, O'Malley," I inquired, "or were they tied by bootleggers?"

He looked at them. "Them knots don't mean a thing to me. We'll see his car."

We went to the garage where they had taken it. A Queensborough officer was in charge of it. It was a handsome car, and its tires were like the tire tracks in the marsh. There was no blood on it.

We examined it carefully and even took the cushions out of it to see if we could find pieces of the broken eyeglasses, but we couldn't find any.

"He wasn't killed in the car," O'Malley decided.

There was a piece of cardboard on the dash which said: "April 10. Mileage at last greasing of 9651."

O'Malley looked at the speedometer. "This guy had drove forty-seven miles since his car was greased," he commented.

"What of it?"

"Not anything, I guess."

"You Manhattan lads are a little late," the Queensborough cop informed us. "We already found out where this fellow got pushed over and we got the guy that done it."

That was news to us. He told us where to go and we went over there. It was a hot-dog and oyster lunchroom, with some rooms behind it, and the police had found blood on the floor of one of the rooms and some new rope like the pieces of rope Mawson had been tied with. The place was full of officers. They had arrested the proprietor. He was a heavy-set, plump-faced man named D'Angelino, and he had a young and darkly pretty wife.

"HOW about this, wop?" O'Malley asked him.

D'Angelino became excited; he gesticulated. "Two guys fight in da back room and make-a da nose bleed. Dees rope clothes-a-line da same like everybody have."

"You know a guy named Kizer?"

"Never meet-a da guy."

We went back to Manhattan.

"That was a short murder case," I commented.

"You think D'Angelino done it?"

"No; but I think he knows who did."

"You might be right, at that. How far we come from where Mawson's car was ditched till now?"

I hadn't noticed.

"We come sixteen miles," O'Malley informed me. "This Mawson had his

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Painstaking research accounted for the flawless costume and scenic detail in these scenes from three recent pictures. Above, Our Betters; left, Sweepings; right, Topaz

Hits and Errors

The first million eyes are the hardest. If you're a movie producer you know that a good many pairs of them will be on the alert for errors and anachronisms. One glaring mistake is enough to have a picture laughed off the screen. It's the authenticator's job to make way for hits by forestalling errors. Here's how he works

By John B. Kennedy

YOU may have seen the picture by its right title. It was one of those supermasterpieces that streak across theater fronts in high-power ballyhoo. Yet whatever it was called by the author or the producers, it's known among the boys on the inside of movie show business as "The Chair."

One of the first modern period pictures, it had to do with the life and loves of the Sun King and his not so sunny queen. Everything was period—architecture, furniture, costumes, perukes—even period music was introduced in the studios to give the players the right historical mood.

The sets and properties cost almost as much as the cast—and that was stuffed with stars. Direction was earnest and capable, the story intelligent, the actors at times inspired. With fanfare and fusillade the picture was launched—and the critics laughed.

This is why: In an important scene where ladies and gentlemen of the court of Louis sat about in billowy costumes on brocaded chairs with a thousand lights scintillating in a hundred mirrors—with all this that cost so very much a minute—a lady entered to do her bit, and a director saw no place to put her.

"A chair!" he cried as the cameras paused.

A property boy heard and obeyed. Scurrying, he supplied the chair. Excitedly the director signaled cameras into action. The scene went on.

Eventually the lady arose from the chair. Eventually the shots were strung together—and eventually the critics observed that at this precise moment of action in the drama, the carefully reproduced court of the great Louis of France held a flaw, a solid and irremovable flaw. For in the midst of an accurate setting sat a charming lady whose billowy skirts revealed, when she gracefully stood up, a solecism. The chair the property boy had rushed in at the call of an imperious director was an honest, straight-backed piece of Grand Rapids fumed oak.

Don't think that this glaring anachronism was committed without being observed in the studios before the picture was released. By the time the mistake was discovered, the cast had disbanded, the sets were dismantled. The cost of reassembling personnel and properties to remake that scene was an item the picture's budget would not bear. The producers, who thought the detail was unimportant, let the picture ride. And it was ridden. For critics outside Hollywood and Manhattan, aping the arbiters of these places, picked on that chair. It was a lesson not lost on the more sensible magnates. One after another they became aware that slap-dash methods in the movies—in the physical presentation of motion pictures—would not do.

The Boner Squad

So there came into being the authenticator, the researcher, the error hound whose directions for the physical content of a picture have since become the working guide to production in every reputable studio—that is, by every company sufficiently capitalized and enterprising to make pictures that strive for reputation.

Memory need not be long, nor information unlimited, to recall the flaw-filled days of the silent pictures. There was the celebrated boner of a grand historical spectacle made in Italy with a background of ancient Rome, and in the foreground a discarded and undetected truck tire. There was also a Civil War picture—not The Birth of a Nation, which in its way was a marvel of authenticity—in which General Grant was portrayed lighting one of his continual cigars from a book of matches when book matches were certainly not devised until after the turn of the century.

It may surprise many who think that the movies have always been able to get away with anything, that demand for cheap entertainment was so lively that the supply could be rushed in and out of the hopper without due regard for quality—it may surprise them to learn, even at this late date, that movie audiences in the mass may swallow errors wholesale, but some critical eyes somewhere will spot mistakes and instantly proclaim them.

This hunt for errors has become so widespread a pastime that movie magazines make a departmental specialty of

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Gallows of Chance

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

KIDNAPPED by four masked men, Sir Humphrey Rossiter, England's Home Secretary, is driven to a mysterious house, where, placed on a gallows, he is told that, unless he will grant a reprieve to Cecil Brandt, a condemned murderer, he will himself be hanged. A courageous man, he yields only when told that Brandt's wife has new evidence to offer. . . . Released, Sir Humphrey hears Katherine Brandt's story—and faints. Hours later, he comes to. *Brandt has been executed!*

Scotland Yard goes to work—and Sir Humphrey and Katherine Brandt both disappear! . . . Sir Humphrey has two dear friends: Lord Edward Keynsham and Lady Louise, his sister. When attacked, he had just concluded a visit to them, in Norfolk.

Detective Pank learns that three of the abductors were Americans. The fourth, he discovers, was—*Lord Edward Keynsham!* . . . Sir Humphrey reappears. To his surprise, he learns that he and Brandt's widow are to be the executors of the dead man's vast estate!

A young American calls on Sir Humphrey, introduces himself as Mr. Richard Van Pleyden, and announces that he is working for "the Syndicate" and must have "that key." Sir Humphrey professes ignorance, whereupon the visitor attempts to strangle him, just as Pank (now an inspector), gun in hand, steps into the room—and forces him to bolt.

Parkins, Sir Humphrey's butler, produces a key. Brandt, it appears, had sent it the day before he was hanged. Why? Sir Humphrey, Katherine Brandt (who has also shown up), Colonel Matterson, of Scotland Yard, and Pank try to answer the question. They know that a great illegal syndicate of some sort is operating; that it must gain possession of the key. They know that Lord Edward is in some way involved. . . . Sir Humphrey describes the key—says it is marked "*Grimmett 1431.*" Matterson leaps from his chair. "Two men were murdered at Grimmett's, the safe deposit company, this afternoon!" he exclaims. "That key belongs to one of their boxes." He turns to Mrs. Brandt. "Why," he asks, "did your husband send Sir Humphrey that key?" The woman's eyes flash. "He hated Sir Humphrey," she says. "He wanted him to die!"

XIII

DETECTIVE INSPECTOR PANK followed the stately Parkins down the broad staircase with its delightful little curve at the end, across the square hall and into the library. The latter turned on the lights from the single controlling switch; soft and radiant lights which sprang out from unexpected places, all shaded but nevertheless amply illuminating.

"The telephone instrument is there, sir," the man announced, indicating the writing table. "That is Sir Humphrey's private line. The telephone on the other side of the room can be used for general purposes. The one you have in your hand there is always through to Scotland Yard."

"I quite understand," was the brief reply. "I have often answered it from the other end."

Parkins bowed a little stiffly and withdrew. Personally he had had quite enough of these detective people around the place. He knew of one other upon the back staircase, he had come upon one a few minutes ago in the little cloak

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

"I have been so sorry for you, Humphrey," Louise said, "and so worried"

closet leading from the hall, there were two parading the streets, and he had an idea there was still another mislaid somewhere. This mystery business was getting on his nerves. A Cabinet minister, of course, was a Cabinet minister, but after all it seemed to him that there was no occasion for Sir Humphrey, in his position, to get mixed up in these murdering affairs. He made off to air his sentiments to the cook and to ask a few questions about dinner....

Pank unhooked the telephone receiver, murmured a word to the exchange, and found himself connected with the department he desired.

"PANK speaking," he announced, "speaking for the sub-commissioner. Anyone brought in for the Grimmett affair?"

"Not a soul," was the disconsolate reply.

"Anything doing at all?"

"Nothing. There was a great crowd in Lombard Street just at the time the affair took place. Two respectably dressed men would have no difficulty whatever in slipping away so long as they got a start. Smithers has just come in, tired out."

"Ring up if there's anything within the next ten minutes or a quarter of an hour," Pank directed. "The Home Secretary's line to Chestow Square. The chief is here."

"Very good, Inspector."

Then there was silence. Pank hung up the telephone a little wearily. He himself had plodded on steadily enough, but the case was full of disappointments. Suddenly there was darkness. Every light in the room went out. There was just sufficient illumination for him to see a tall, shapeless figure who, in some mysterious fashion, had glided between him and the door.

"You're covered, young fellow, and I'm not particular how soon I shoot. Put up your hands!" a savage voice ordered.

Pank obeyed. He had felt one little stab at the heart when the darkness had come, otherwise he was cool enough. The intruder did not mean to kill him or he would have shot first.

"You've been upstairs with the sub-commissioner of Scotland Yard, the Home Secretary and Mrs. Brandt," the unfamiliar voice continued. "You have been talking about a certain key. Sir Humphrey has probably told you where it is. You had better tell me."

"If we are to discuss that key," Pank remarked coolly, "you know much more about it than we do. Why not satisfy our curiosity? What is it that it opens? And what is inside when we get there?"

There was the sound of a chuckle through the darkness.

"You're a cool customer, aren't you? You're not by any chance that little terror Pank who has been barking round our heels, are you?"

"That is my name," was the bold reply.

"What a nerve! You know what I'm holding, don't you?"

"So far as I can see it looks like some sort of a firearm."

"It's an automatic. I never carry a revolver now. I feel hampered with only six cartridges. I like to make sure of a job—shoot straight and shoot often, you know. We're like that where I come from."

"Where do you come from?" Pank inquired. "We're getting rather curious about you fellows up at Scotland Yard."

"What a nerve!" the other repeated admiringly. "So you're Pank, eh, and they're getting curious about us up at Scotland Yard?"

"GO ON talking," Pank begged. "I like to hear you. Criminals have been identified before now by their voices."

"Have they? Well, you won't hear many more words from me or anyone else in this world," was the sneering retort. "If you tell the truth and it sounds like the truth and I'm sure of getting away comfortably, well—I shan't promise anything, but I might let you go. Otherwise you're for the narrow box and the white flowers."

"You're very generous."

"I'm not. I'm proposing a deal, but you'll have to be darn' slick about it. I came here to find out where that key is, and I guessed I should find one of you hanging round the telephone. You know where it is. Cough it up."

"Know where what is?"

"The key. You may think these stupid questions save time, but they make no difference. If I hear a step on the stairs, the turning of the handle of a door, if that curtain rustles or there is the slightest suspicious sound, I shall make sure of you, Pank. There's nothing can save you but the key. Where is it?"

"Where you can't get at it," Pank assured his unseen cross-examiner.

"There's no place in the world we can't get at," was the scornful reply. "You don't know who you're talking to. Listen, you have three chances. This is the first one. Where is the key?"

There was a brief pulsating silence. Pank thought of many things. He wondered whether the report of a gun would be heard upstairs. He wondered whether the plain-clothes policeman, whose steady footsteps he could hear

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Before the Honeymoon

By Dana Burnet

This story, of Bill Graydon and the girl who didn't love him, may suggest a new use for traffic lights

Illustrated by Earl Oliver Hurst

I realized that my young friend was moving to other and more ancient rhythms

I WAS sitting under the noble maple tree in my front yard sipping an illicit highball and meditating a story. Being middle-aged and sentimental, I had decided to write a young love story. But I'd no plot whatsoever, and was contemplating cynicism, or another highball, when suddenly a young love story came hurtling over my hedge on a great bay horse in a parabola that was both picturesque and startling.

To be specific, young Bill Graydon was astride the horse that jumped the hedge that surrounded the house that jack built. I use the word jack advisedly. I had spent plenty of it in building my home, in maintaining the noble maple tree that shaded my front yard, and in planting and nursing the fine young privet hedge that in the course of two years had grown to a height of almost two feet, Heaven rest it.

"What the deuce," I said to young Bill Graydon, "is the general idea?"

"Gimme," said young Bill, "a drink, will you?"

I said I would with pleasure. I was, however, surprised; because I knew that Bill was an unusually abstemious young man.

He swung off his bay gelding and I gave him a highball.

"I'm glad I came over to see you," he said. "I've got a frightful problem on my mind."

"Tell me about her," I said, not flippantly but for the sake of brevity. Bill was, you see, not only a large and blond and personable young man; he also had money. So his problems were, in the course of nature, chiefly feminine. To date, he had managed to escape both the wiles of the young women who had loved him for himself alone, and of their hopeful mammas, who had loved him for his broad acres and bright dollars.

BILL'S own explanation of his immunity from marriage was simple. "I am so dumb," he once told me, "I never seem to catch onto the idea till the thing is cold, and then it's too late, and I'm at liberty again. I'm sort of glad I'm dumb. Gives a fellow a sense of security."

But now, as he considered my last question, he seemed to have lost that sense of security. There was a troubled look in his very clear, very candid blue eyes. "Her name is Joan," he said abruptly. "Joan Treadwell. She's nineteen, and sort of tall, and has red hair. What I mean, it's red outdoors. Indoors, it's sort of gold."

"It changes," I said.

"Yeh, it sort of changes," said Bill.

"Very disconcerting. No wonder this Miss Treadwell is on your mind."

Bill tasted his highball; put down his glass; sighed heavily.

"She's not only on my mind. She's in my house."

"In your house?"

He nodded.

"She's a guest at Elm Tree Farm. Mother invited her for the week-end. Seems she's the orphan daughter of an old friend of Mother's who died recently. I mean Mrs. Treadwell died, leaving a will in which Mother was appointed Joan's guardian. Made Mother awfully nervous, but she bucked up and wrote to Joan, who was incarcerated in some finishing-school institution not far from here—up Danbury way, I think."

"Your mother," I said, "is a conscientious woman."

"Yeh," Bill said. "Anyway, she asked Joan to visit, and the kid turned up this noon, in her own car, with enough luggage for a trip to Europe. When I saw all those bags I had a hunch that something was loose."

"What was loose, Bill?"

"Wait'll I tell you. This Joan girl hadn't been in the house long enough to powder her nose, when, by golly"—here Bill's voice swelled with indignation—"Mother gets a message from my fool brother-in-law in New York saying that my sister has unexpectedly had a baby. I mean it was expected but not so soon. So Mother dashes into town, pronto!—and leaves me to entertain her ward."

"SO YOU'RE Joan's guardian by proxy?" I said.

"Uh-huh, I guess so," replied Bill, looking rather startled.

"That's fine!" I observed with enthusiasm.

"Fine nothing!" Bill exclaimed. "I told Mother it wasn't right. I begged her to send the kid and her baggage right back to school. But Mother was all upset and flustered—you know how she gets. She just said: 'You do it, Bill,' and rushed off in her car, saying she might be gone a week, and left me to face the redhead."

"Yes?" I said. "And what happened?"

Bill looked at me.

"We had lunch," he said. "I mean, Joan and I had lunch at the house."

"Oh!"

"She was hungry," Bill explained. "I couldn't send her away hungry, could I?"

"Certainly not, Bill."

"Well—and so—after lunch—I sort of began to hint that maybe it would be better if she went back to school. We were sitting out on the back terrace then, and—"

"And her hair was red," I suggested.

"Yeh, it was," Bill said. He seemed vague. He lighted a cigarette, took one puff and threw the cigarette away. "Man!" he sighed "She's pretty! And darn' near as dumb as I am!"

I was interested, both from the human and the professional points of view. "How do you mean, Bill?" I asked.

"Well, I mean, in the first place, she just couldn't see why it would be better for her to go back to school. And the more I argued with her, the more of a fool *I* felt. Because I knew—without being asininely modern about it—that there wasn't any good reason why she shouldn't stay the week-end in my house if she wanted to. I'm too simple-minded to see why people should make a fuss about such things, one way or the other. See what I mean?"

"I see. How did the argument come out?"

"I won," Bill said. "But when I got through she sort of looked at me, and all at once she started to cry. So I sort of felt there was something more on her mind than what we'd been talking about."

"And was there?"

"There sure was—and is! Listen," Bill said. "The reason she brought all that baggage with her is because she's in love."

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I sat up straight and stared at him.

"What's a lot of baggage," I asked, "got to do with love?"

"I'll tell you," Bill said. "She's planning to elope with a guy. She confided in me. Said she'd meant to tell my mother, but since Mother wasn't there, she felt she ought to tell me."

I started to speak; then sank back in my chair and motioned to him to go on. The chief asset of a writer is ability to listen—and remember.

"You see," Bill continued, groping for his highball glass, "Joan's been terribly unhappy. She's always hated school. So when she got Mother's invitation, she decided to grab the chance, and run away and marry this guy. She was telephoning him when I left the house."

"Who is he, Bill?"

"Maybe you know him," Bill said with a certain eagerness. "He's some sort of writer or poet or something. Joan said he was a poet. Then she said he wrote books. So I dunno. She met him at Watch Hill last summer, and he's been writing love letters to her and calling on her at the school ever since. He lives in New York. His name's Bogart—Stanley Pierce Bogart."

"Bogart?" I said. "No, I don't know him. But the name's familiar. I'm sure I've heard something about him—I don't remember just what."

"Well, according to Joan he's a world-beater. Intellectual and all that. She's crazy about him."

"Look here!" I protested. "This is all very well, but what's it got to do with you? Surely you're not going to involve yourself in the elopement of a runaway schoolgirl? Why, you've known her only since luncheon!"

HE GAVE me a quick look, and the color deepened in his tanned cheeks. "Yeh, I know," he said. "But, darn it, I sympathize with the kid. I felt the same way about school. I flunked out of three colleges, and when Mother wanted me to go to the fourth, I beat it out West. When you're born dumb, going to school is like being shut up in jail. I spent a night in jail, once—on a vagrancy charge—and I know."

"Does that mean," I inquired, "that you intend to aid and abet the elopement of your mother's ward?"

"Well, I don't see what right I've got to interfere."

"Then you're just going to stand aside and let this thing happen? Is that it?"

He was silent for a moment. His lean young face was grave. "I dunno," he said, staring at the ground. "Guess that's my problem. I came over to sort of ask your advice, but now that I've got it off my chest, I see that I'll have to decide it for myself." He stood up, stretching himself. "By the way, I'm taking Joan to the dance at the club tonight. Give the kid a whirl. You going to the dance?"

"I suppose so. Yes, I think I will. I'd like to meet this red-and-gold Miss Treadwell of yours."

"She ain't mine; she's Bogart's," Bill said simply and inelegantly. He turned, strode to his horse, picked up the reins and mounted. He was a good figure of a man, sitting his glossy bay horse against the reddening sky. Then I remembered that he was just twenty-six years old.

"Bill!" I said. "Whatever you do, don't fall in love with this girl yourself! You're capable of it, even though you don't know her at all!"

Lounging easily in the saddle, he grinned down at me.

"Oh, I dunno. We got pretty well acquainted at luncheon. Thanks for the drink, old man. I needed it. See you at the club tonight," he called over his shoulder as he trotted away.

When he had gone, I sat for some time trying to recall what it was that I had heard about Stanley Pierce Bogart. I gave it up finally as a bad job; and went into my house to dress for dinner and the usual Saturday-night Country Club dance.

Now I have been all my life a hopeless victim of first impressions; and my first impression of Joan Treadwell, when Bill introduced me to her at the club that night, was that she was simply and unutterably beautiful. I had expected to find her endowed with a certain schoolgirl charm; but I was unprepared for the pure beauty that she possessed. It was a beauty that brought her instantly and vividly into one's consciousness, so that the element of time seemed not to matter at all in one's knowledge of her.

I understood at once why Bill Graydon had flung himself so precipitously into the current that was sweeping her young life toward whatever destiny awaited her. He couldn't help himself. I watched him dancing with Joan, a tall, slender figure with red-gold hair, in a pale gold dress. And I realized that, beyond the stale rhythms of the club orchestra, my young friend was moved, for his own good or ill, by other and more ancient rhythms, to which the flesh responds, the earth turns, and the stars perform their stately dance.

They were in a dingy little room with an iron-barred door

As the evening progressed, Bill was kept busy snatching his ward-by-proxy from the arms of his bemused friends. He had the harassed look that comes with unexpected responsibility.

"Look!" he said to me, during one of his many rest periods. "Old Hammersly's dancing with her now. *You* go take her away from him. His wife's about to charge!"

So I cut in and took the beautiful Miss Treadwell in my arms.

"Bill asked me to rescue you," I said.

She looked up at me with a quick, friendly smile.

"Oh, thanks! I *was* being thoroughly stepped on! Do you mind if we don't dance this out? I'd like to sit down and recuperate for a while."

I told her I didn't mind; and steered her toward the door that led to the clubhouse porch. "You'll be safe out here, I think," I said.

THE glass-enclosed porch was unlighted except for the celestial service of a round yellow moon. We sat down on a wicker couch, and the girl's hair caught some of the moon's gold, and kept it.

"I've been hoping," she said, "that I'd get a chance to talk to you."

"To me? Why?"

"Well, Bill told me he'd been over to see you this afternoon—he told me all about you, and how much he thought of you, and how he often went to you for advice, and—"

"Not advice, Miss Treadwell!" I protested. "Sympathy, perhaps, and an occasional drink when he's thirsty or in love, but not advice!"

"Is Bill in love a great deal?" she asked, smiling.

"Quite a good deal."

"I should think he might be. He's so nice. I mean, I told him at dinner, I felt I'd known him all my life, he's been so nice to me."

"Like a brother," I suggested.

"Well, yes, in a way. Of course I've only just met him, but his mother's my guardian, you know. That makes a sort of bond between us, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes—a bond! Yes, certainly!"

"Bill has been simply wonderful to me," the girl said. "He's promised to do all he can to help me. You know, I—I'm going to be married tomorrow."

I SAT up abruptly. Somehow I felt outraged. "Tomorrow!" I exclaimed. "You're going to be married—?"

"Why, yes. Bill told you about that, didn't he? I mean, about my running away from school to marry Stanley Bogart? He said he'd told you."

"Bill came and talked to me," I stated, "and we had a drink. But he didn't say that you were going to be married tomorrow."

"Well, no. It wasn't exactly settled then. You see, I telephoned Stanley after Bill left, and he's coming out to Bill's place tomorrow—for noon dinner—and then we're going away together and be married."

"But isn't this all rather sudden?" I asked. It seemed to me so; but she answered promptly: "Oh, no! It isn't sudden. I've known Stanley since last August. I met him at Watch Hill. He was there for two weeks, and he wanted me to marry him before he left. I've taken all this time to decide."

"I see. I assume that you want very

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much to marry him, Miss Treadwell?"

"I wish you'd call me Joan. Yes, I do. I've always wanted to marry a man with a career—" She stopped with a little, nervous, fluttering laugh. "I thought it would be so thrilling to help Stanley become a real success—a great poet, perhaps! But I must say, the minute I rang off this afternoon, I had an awful feeling that maybe I wasn't the right person for him."

"You felt that?" I asked, with an unreasonable sense of irritation. Somehow the note of humility in her voice annoyed me. "Why?"

"Because he's really an intellectual," she informed me, earnestly. "He has a marvelous mind. Stanley *lives* in his mind. And I'm so dumb I can't even get through school. I haven't a smitch of intellect—not a smitch," she concluded, turning to me the exquisite, lovely oval of her face.

I wanted, suddenly, to shout at her, as one wants to shout at an angelic but obtuse child. I almost did. I put my face close to hers and said sternly: "Don't talk to me about intellect! I'm sick of intellect! I don't believe in intellect—for the simple reason that it doesn't exist!"

"It doesn't—?"

"No! The mind is a fiction. No one's ever seen a mind. No one's ever demonstrated it. Human beings have bodies. They have brains. You, my dear child, have a beautiful body. And your brain is probably so normal that it rejects book-learning as unnecessary and useless—which in the great majority of cases it is. The Lord knows," I added with feeling, "intellect has nothing to do with writing—especially where poetry's concerned!"

"Oh," she cried eagerly. "Then you think I *may* make a good wife for Stanley?"

I WAS appalled at her interpretation of my remarks on intellect.

"I didn't say that!" I protested. "I said—I meant—"

"But you practically did! And that's what I wanted to know. That's the question I wanted to ask you—whether you thought a girl of my type could ever make a man like Stanley Bogart happy. I mean since you're a writer I thought probably you'd know what sort of wife a poet should have and—"

"Joan," I said helplessly, "Joan, I don't know anything! Do the thing that makes you happy, and you'll come pretty close to being right. Now let's go find Bill."

"Thanks, I think I'll sit here awhile longer." She smiled and gave me her hand. "You've been sweet," she said.

I was afraid I had been. It was a chastening thought. I said good night and started up the porch. At the door of the ballroom I met Bill.

"Listen," he said. "If you're not busy, come to Sunday-noon dinner tomorrow, will you?"

"To meet Mr. Stanley Bogart?" I asked.

"Oh. . . . Did Joan tell you?"

"Yes."

"Well, I wish you'd come," Bill said. "I'd like most awfully to have you."

"I'll come," I promised. "But don't ask me for any advice!"

"No," he said. "I'm going to handle this business myself. If I like Bogart's looks, I'll let him have Joan—and try to square things with Mother afterwards. If I don't like his looks, I'll stop the proceedings—by force if necessary."

"That'd be interesting," I said. "Goodnight, Bill."

"'Night, old man," Bill said, and started headlong up the porch to where Joan was sitting alone in the moonlight.

At one o'clock the next day I walked up to Bill Graydon's rambling old colonial farmhouse on the peak of the highest ridge for miles about. An air of Sunday peace enveloped the house, and the rolling landscape was blessed with color and calm light. It was a day for high thoughts, good deeds and noble decisions.

BILL was not in the living-room when I entered it. Instead, I saw Joan Treadwell standing at a window with a tall, dark-haired young man beside her.

"This is Stanley Bogart," she said, drawing the dark-haired young man toward me. She spoke my name and I found myself shaking hands with Bogart. I looked carefully at him as I did so; and was vaguely disappointed to find him likable.

As our glances met, he smiled. He had the most perfect teeth I've ever seen in a white man's head. He was tall—I judged him to be as tall as Bill, who was six feet something—and slender, and strikingly handsome.

"Glad to know you," he said. "I've known your work for some time. I greatly admire your craftsmanship."

This was graceful, if not effusive. I thanked him. Bill came in with cocktails. "Hello," he said to me. "Glad to see you. You've met Mr. Bogart?"

"Yes," I said. "How are you, Bill?"

"I'm fine," Bill said. "Great day, isn't it?" His voice was cheerful, but I noticed that his hand shook as he poured the cocktails. Evidently the strain of his guardianship had begun to tell on his nerves. "Well," he said, lifting his glass and looking at Joan, "here's happy days!"

"The same to you, Bill," the girl said, quietly.

I glanced at Bogart. He was watching Bill. There was a faint smile on his lips; but I saw in his eyes the flicker of an instinctive antagonism. For a moment the tension in the room was painfully noticeable. Then a servant appeared and announced dinner.

All through that uncomfortable meal I tried to force into my consciousness the shadowy recollection of what I had heard — somehow, somewhere — about this young poet, Stanley Bogart. But my memory, always faulty, refused to function. And Bogart's presence, his personal charm, his ready speech and good appetite, served to contradict the vague impression that haunted me; an impression that there was something about him not quite to his credit. But I could not, on such a ghostly suspicion, mention my doubts to Bill.

Stanley Bogart alone kept the conversation alive. Casually and modestly he recounted his adventures in various parts of the world. He had traveled a good deal, it seemed. Then finally—and quite deliberately—he turned to Bill and said that he and Joan were sailing almost immediately for the south of France.

"I can work there," he remarked pleasantly. "And I know that Joan will love the Côte d'Azur."

If this was a challenge to Bill, he did not accept it. He said nothing at all. Joan glanced up quickly; gave Stanley a tremulous smile. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes were unnaturally bright.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I know I'll love France!"

THE awful ordeal came to an end at last. As we left the table, Bill took my arm and drew me to one side. Joan and Bogart went on across the hall into the living-room, where coffee was being served.

"Listen," Bill said to me. "I can't do anything about this elopement. I can't!"

"Then you've decided that Bogart's all right?"

"I haven't decided anything. But I'm not going to interfere. How can I," he cried, gripping my arm, "when I'm in love with her myself?"

"I know you are. Don't break my arm."

"Sorry," Bill mumbled. "I've never had anything hit me like this. I'm darned near crazy at this moment. I'd like to kill Bogart, but I've nothing to kill him for. It's terrible!"

"When do they leave?" I asked. "What are their plans?"

"Plans? Oh, they're driving to New York in Joan's car, and then they're going to get married—I don't know how or where—and then they're going to France and live happily ever after."

Stanley Bogart was standing with his arm around Joan as we entered the room. He turned and faced us.

"Well, Graydon," he said, "Joan tells me she doesn't like to leave without your blessing."

"She has it," Bill said. "Always. And now, if you don't mind, I think you'd better—! I mean, when you've had your coffee, I think you and Joan might as well get ready and go."

"I agree with you," Bogart said.

Joan spoke quickly and rather breathlessly: "Oh, yes! Do let's go, Stanley.

(Continued on page 44)

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

One of the chief sports of the nomadic tribes of Central Asia is to hunt with golden eagles that have been trained to chase and capture sizable animals such as antelopes, foxes, wild goats and wolves.

Approximately 250,000,000 persons, or 20 per cent of the entire adult population of the world, suffer from myopia, or nearsightedness.

The relative defensive life of American warships, using the figure 100 to represent the length of time that the battleships can withstand heavy fire, is figured as follows: Aircraft carriers 57, cruisers 25, destroyers 7.5 and submarines 4.3.—*By C. H. Pinkerton, San Francisco, California.*

A London department store sells today a greater variety of food than any other establishment in the world. It stocks, for example, 150 kinds of flour, 300 kinds of sauces and pickles, 400 kinds of cake, 1,000 kinds of soup, 1,000 kinds of bottled fruits and 2,500 kinds of biscuits.

The censorship of books has existed in the United States since the first printing press was established in Massachusetts in 1639. Moreover, it was enforced so rigidly during the early days that even religious publications were censored until 1695.

Seeking to acquire psychic powers that they believe come from buoyancy of the body, Tibetan monks go on fast, deep-breathing walks lasting several days and nights. Some of them attain such a feeling of lightness that they don heavy chains to keep themselves from floating away.

The Koran has a greater influence on the personal conduct of mankind than any other book in existence because it is not only the Bible but also the social, civil, commercial and legal code that rigidly governs the lives of 220,000,000 Mohammedans.—*By Paul Walker, Bartlesville, Oklahoma.*

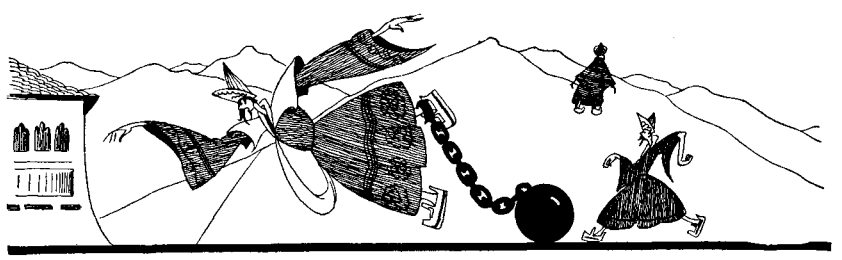
After a six months' battle, an American company has just extinguished a gas-well fire in Moreni, Roumania, that burned for almost three years and was considered beyond all control. The flames were 300 feet high and could be seen on a clear night from Bucharest, seventy miles away.

Prosecutions for witchcraft form one of the most lamentable episodes in human history. During the Middle Ages, more than 9,000,000 innocent men and women throughout Europe were condemned as witches and burned at the stake.—*By H. E. Altman, Nooksack, Washington.*

Owing to their use of synonyms for words that they cannot readily pronounce, those who stammer have a vocabulary which is, on the average, 50 per cent larger than those without any speech impediment.

The French *Codex*, or pharmacopœia, which lists about 1,250 drugs and preparations, is used more widely outside of its own country than any other book of its kind, having been adopted by Turkey and many Central and South American countries.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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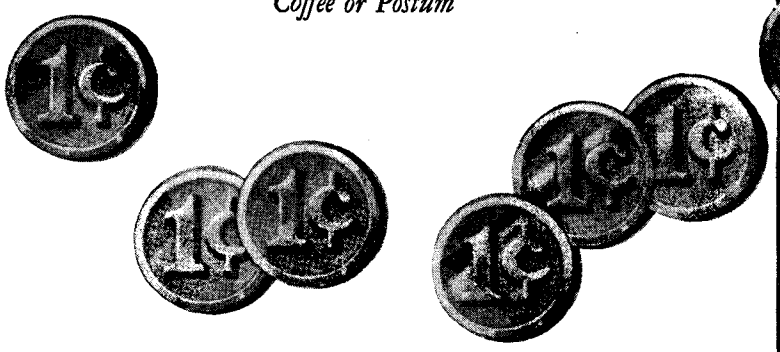

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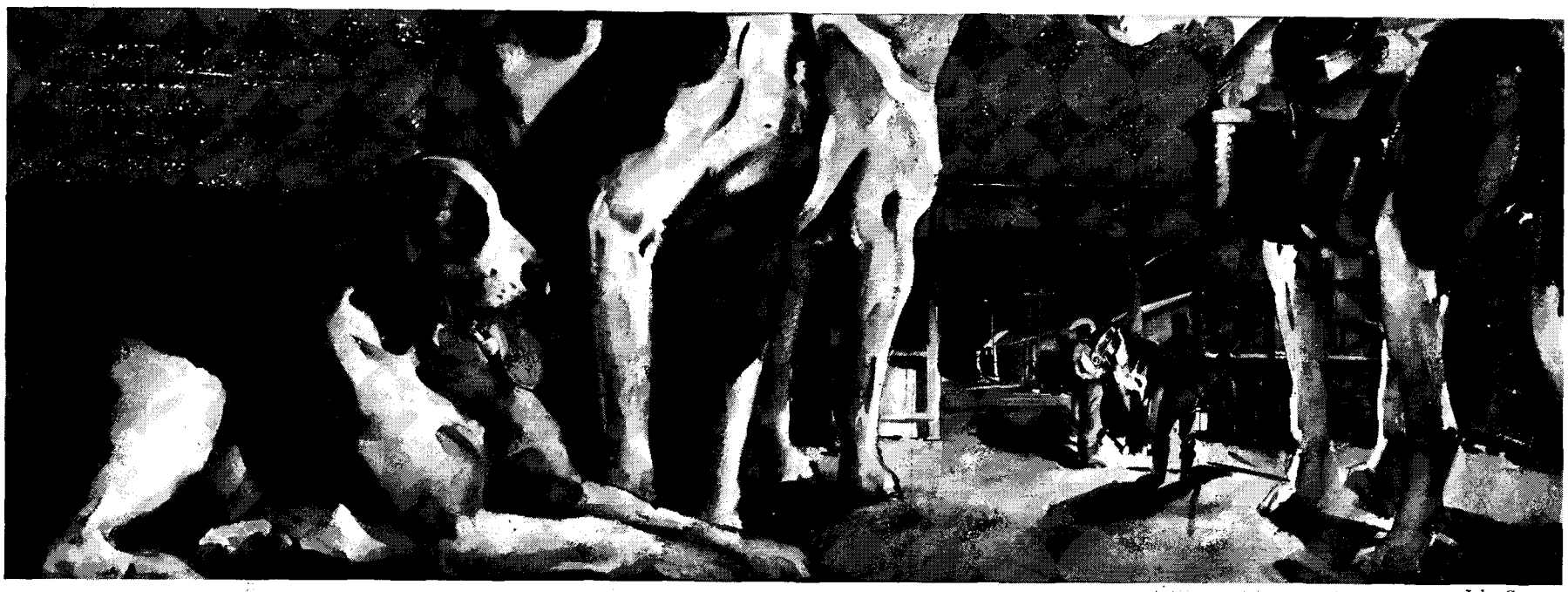

John Gannam

Wheeler held a lantern while Coffee saddled his mule. He knew it was useless to try to get the two old men together again

Cold Trails

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

ANSWERING the frantic summons of his old friend, "Horse" Dunn, Billy Wheeler, a young cattleman, hurries to the 94 ranch. He finds Dunn in a serious predicament. Someone—nobody knows just who—has been murdered on the 94; and the veteran ranchman feels sure that the crime is merely part of a plot to ruin him. He informs Wheeler that the 94 (which he has managed for his niece, Marian Dunn, for years) is on the verge of bankruptcy. To save it, he says, he has sold his own outfit in Arizona. But his partner, Bob Flagg, en route with the proceeds, has failed to arrive, has apparently disappeared. Desperate, in need of a wise, loyal friend, he asks Wheeler to stand by him.

Exciting days follow. And Wheeler is miserable. Hopelessly in love with Marian Dunn, who does not love him, he must be near her constantly. Riding with her one day, he encounters Kid Bender, who hates Dunn. A quarrel ensues. The Kid, a deputy sheriff, draws. Wheeler, in self-defense, rides him down, injures him severely. . . . Old Man Coffee, noted for his ability to trail men with hounds, reaches the ranch. He reports that he has seen a man—Cayuse Cayetano, a famous Indian tracker in cahoots with Dunn's enemies,—fleeing north. And he has learned the identity of the murdered man: Lon Magoon, a cattle thief with whom Dunn had had trouble!

Wheeler is arrested, taken to Inspiration, the county seat, to be tried on a number of serious charges. Marian (who, shocked by violence in any form, bitterly resents the belligerent course her uncle and Wheeler are following) calmly announces that she did not see what actually occurred when the Kid was hurt—that she will not testify. Wheeler pleads "Not guilty." The court is filled with enemies—Kid Bender's father, Link Bender; Pinto Halliday; Rufe Deane and many others. Pinto Halliday testifies that, immediately after the fracas, he actually *saw* Wheeler, a smoking gun in his hand, looking down at the prostrate Kid. The Dunn-Wheeler faction gasp. Then Marian steps forward, testifies. She says she saw the Kid draw a gun—that Wheeler never drew one. As Wheeler gazes dumfounded at the girl, Sam Caldwell, who loathes Dunn, arrives. "There's been a man killed—another!" he shouts. "*It's Cayuse Cayetano this time.* He's been dead since yesterday!"

V

AS WORD of Cayuse Cayetano's murder swept through the street, the loosely grouped crowd shifted and seemed to seethe, gathering in knots. The half-breed tracker had been loved by none, respected by none; but his trail genius was undisputed, and it had been widely rumored that he was very close to important revelations. Half a dozen men tried to follow Sam Caldwell into the already crowded county office, forcing in through a considerable number of the crowd inside, who had immediately started to make their way out.

Though it was Judge Shafer's boast that he had never had to clear a court in his life, he was induced to do so now. He glanced about him, looking for something to pound with; he found nothing, and stood up. "Clear them out of here! Clear the court of everybody that doesn't belong here! By God, I'll finish trying this case if it's the last thing I do!"

"Everybody out!" the sheriff shouted at them. "Outside, all of you! Will you move or not?"

The packed crowd within the close four walls began to move reluctantly, each one of those independent men having to make sure separately that the order was really intended for himself. If it did not take long to clear that court it was because the room was small.

"YOU, Sam," the sheriff ordered, "you wait here. No—go out and get my deputies back in here. Where's Rufe Deane—Link Bender? Tell 'em I want 'em here. By God, here's just one more sample of what I was telling you! Cayuse was close to naming the Short Crick murderer. Judge, the range won't stand it!"

"If you've got your court clear, let's have order," said Judge Shafer. "I mean to get this over with. Wheeler, is your defense finished?"

"You yourself called the only eyewitness here, and the only witness worth a whoop," Wheeler said. "That ought to be defense enough for any man."

"You got anything more to say, Sheriff?"

"Get it over with," snapped the sheriff. "If you're going to let in testimony like that last, I can't stop you. And I've got other work to do."

"This is as unsatisfactory a case as I've ever seen on this bench," Judge Shafer said. "Something's wrong—something's very wrong. I'd like to reserve decision and think it over."

"Reserve, hell! Let's have it, one way or the other," Amos demanded.

"All right! All right! Have it your own way! Case dismissed!"

Sheriff Walt Amos angrily crashed his open hand upon the table top and stood up. "There's a sweet decision!"

"Any other court would give you a contempt for that," said Shafer waspishly. "Lock up the place, Harry. The court stands adjourned!"

He crammed his papers into his briefcase and stalked out, looking angry, insulted and anxious to get away from there. Nobody spoke to him or interfered with him as he went down the steps and out of sight in the street, moving at a hurried amble.

Sam Caldwell came back in, bringing with him Pinto Halliday and Link Bender, their deputy's badges half hidden, but evident.

"You want me?" said Link.

"Stick around here. Where's Rufe Deane?"

"He'll be here in a minute."

"There's other work to do," said Link Bender, "that can't be done here. I better be getting at it!"

"Stay here," said Walt Amos shortly.

Link Bender stared at him a moment, then leaned against the wall, his dark, hawk face hard and tight-lipped.

"If you're through with us we'll be leaving," said Horse Dunn.

"I'm not through with you. I'll tell you when I'm through."

"You'll have to let my wagon boss go, so's he can drive my niece back to the ranch," Horse Dunn told him.

The sheriff looked at Dunn for a moment, without seeming to see him; he appeared to be listening or weighing other things. "All right. On condition that he immediately gets out of town. An hour from now I don't want to find he's still here."

"I'll be out of here, all right," Val Douglas said.

"Well, I'll see you start. You ready, Miss Dunn?"

"BETTER take my roadster, Marian," Billy Wheeler said. He gave her the key, and she accepted it without meeting his eyes.

"You boys," the sheriff said to the deputies, "keep the 94 outfit here." He followed Val Douglas and Marian Dunn into the street.

When they were gone an oppressive quiet descended upon the room. With only the 94 men and the deputies in it, the room somehow seemed smaller than before, holding the opposed parties together to the distaste of both. Sam Caldwell turned his broad back squarely upon the 94 men and consulted in undertones with Link Bender and Pinto Halliday in the corner by the door. Five minutes passed.

Horse Dunn motioned his men close to him. "Keep together," he said. "And don't let nobody get you loose from your guns."

Sheriff Walt Amos came back in.

(Continued on page 34)

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We print this ad for MEN at the request of 1,100 WOMEN

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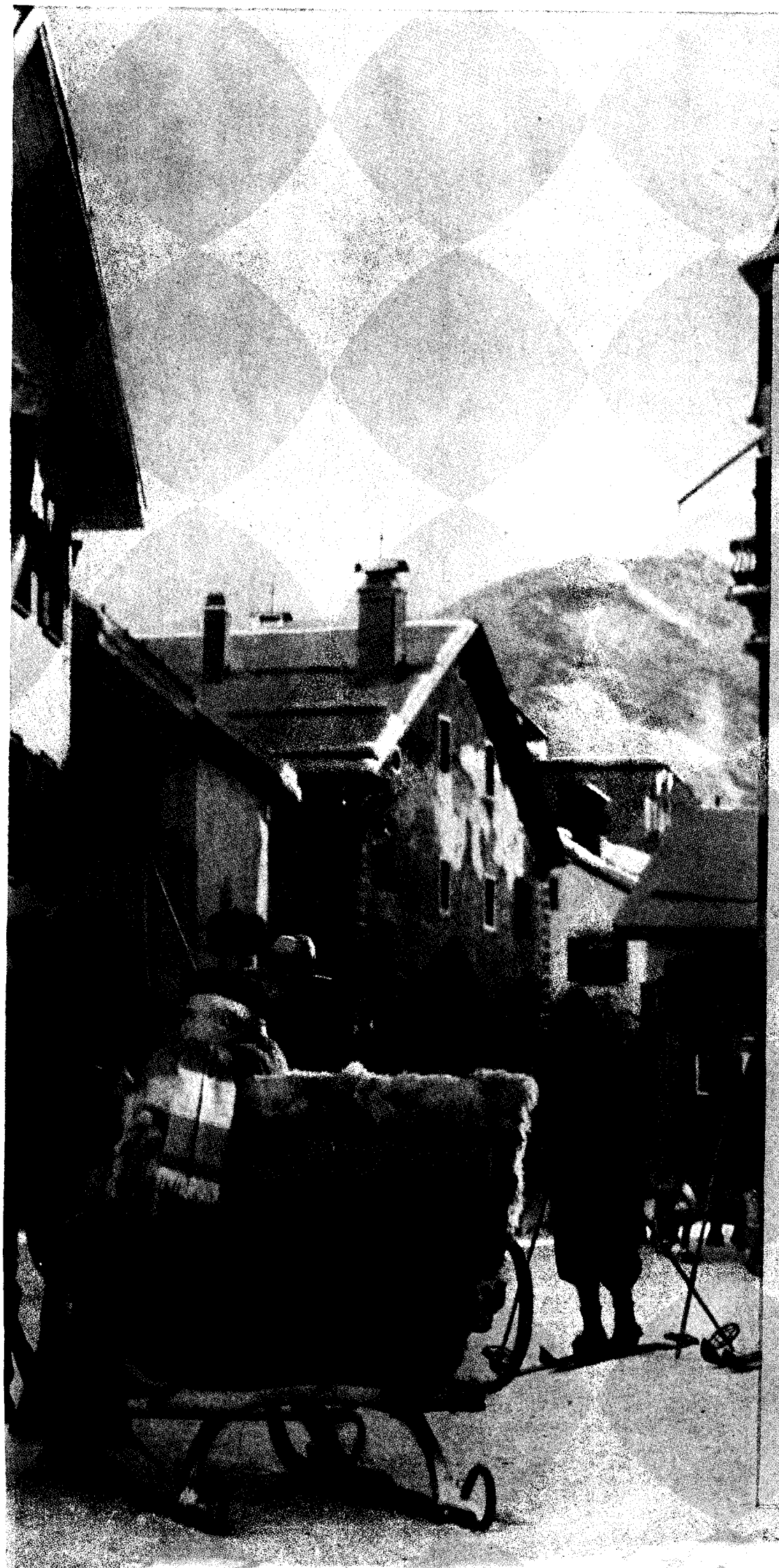

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And what a thrill *you* get . . . commanding 79 spirited horsepower! Plus Floating Power engine mountings. Plus Free Wheeling, Automatic Choke, Hydraulic Brakes, Coincidental Starting . . . no end of mechanical luxuries.

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Wide World

Prince Wilhelm Friedrich at a meeting of the German Stahlhelm

Monarch in Waiting

By T. R. Ybarra

Blended with the din from the star performers in Germany's political jazz band—Hitlerists, Nationalists, Communists—one catches muffled undertones from Monarchists. Germany's Monarchists have high hopes nowadays. And, looking over the candidates for monarch, they view with special favor the prince whose everyday life is described below

Keystone

Castle Schildberg lords it over the wide agricultural estate of Prince Wilhelm in Province Brandenburg, Prussia

Wide World

Two generations of Hohenzollerns: Prince Wilhelm and his father, ex-Crown Prince

WILHELM FRIEDRICH FRANZ JOSEF CHRISTIAN OLAF of Prussia, eldest son of the former German Crown Prince, eldest grandson of Kaiser Wilhelm II, revered by most German monarchists as the Hohenzollern Hope, as the prince with by far the best chance of sitting on the German throne, is a gentleman farmer. He wishes that clearly understood. When I visited him a short time ago on the estate belonging to his grandfather, some eighty miles east of Berlin, where he is learning to be a full-fledged expert on crops and cattle, all discussion of the relative probabilities of Germany remaining a republic or reverting to a monarchy was kept severely in the background.

There was, as usual, a political crisis in Berlin. Everybody was wondering how long the German government of the moment would last. Everybody was trying to guess what the outcome of the disarmament muddle would be. Everybody was busy prophesying what course Germany would steer during the menacing months ahead of her. But young Prince Wilhelm Friedrich kept all such matters resolutely out of his conversation. Cows, not crises. Pigs, not politics. Those seemed to be his mottoes.

"Wouldn't you like to see this place?" he asked. "It is really quite interesting."

And out we walked into the wintry air, the prince coatless and bareheaded, his visitors—myself and the Berliner who had motored out with me—manfully resolved to follow our guide's example, though now and then (when the prince's gaze rested not on my companion but on a cow, or not on me but on a pig) we couldn't help indulging in surreptitious shivers and snuffles.

All the way from Berlin we had motored through a countryside alive with reminders of the German monarchy and the Hohenzollern dynasty. On both sides of the road, as far as the eye could reach, stretched Prussia—Prussia "east of the Elbe," rock-bottom Prussia, home of that Junker caste which resolutely refuses to conform to the new methods and assimilate the new ideas brought into the land by German defeat in the World War. We had dashed through villages composed of old-fashioned one-story peasants' dwellings, with high, steep roofs, all dating from the days when the ancestors of the young prince whom we were going to visit were supreme rulers over the country and nobody had dreamed that a republican régime could ever supplant them.

The Lord of Schildberg

We had speeded under the venerable walls of the citadel of Küstrin, where, more than two hundred years ago, Frederick the Great, most renowned of all the Hohenzollerns, had sojourned; we had honked and twisted through Zorndorf, scene of one of the hardest of Frederick's many hard battles. And, after we had passed the old-world town of Soldin and were buzzing along the side road leading to Schildberg, Prince Wilhelm Friedrich's rural residence, our chauffeur pointed out to us a church, gray with age, the rector of which is appointed to this day by Kaiser Wilhelm II, as owner of the estate to which the church belongs.

Everything spoke of yesterday as we drove beneath the big front gateway of the Schildberg estate, into its big front courtyard, flanked by buildings with enormous thatched roofs, and stalls out of which came the neighing of horses and the bleating of lambs, and storehouses spreading all around the scent of hay and grain and carrots and potatoes. Before us rose the Schloss—the old mansion that lords it over the Schildberg domain of field and forest land—breathing, from every square inch of its baroque façade, the spirit of eighteenth-century monarchial Prussia.

The Berlin of 1933 seemed thousands of miles away. Today seemed a myth, republican Germany a fairy tale—still more so after we had been ushered into a room of lofty ceiling and outmoded furniture, decorated with pictures of Frederick the Great and Wilhelm I and Wilhelm II—more so than ever when a door was pushed open and we found ourselves being cordially welcomed by the grandson of one of those Wilhelms, the great-grandson of the other, the lineal descendant of frowning, hard-fighting Frederick—our young host, lord of the domain of Schildberg. Everything indicated that we should converse about the old Germany, weigh the chances of its coming back. But—

"Yes, I should like to show you around before darkness comes on," said Prince Wilhelm. And—surreptitiously shivering and snuffling—we found ourselves out in the open, on our way to the quarters of the blooded horses and prize cattle and pedigreed pigs which are the pride of Schildberg.

As we walked across the courtyard we met group after group of farm laborers. When work is at its busiest at Schildberg as many as three hundred of them are employed on the big estate. Everyone respectfully pulled off his cap as the prince passed, and the prince acknowledged every individual greeting. There was no servility on the side of the laborers, no hauteur on that of the master of Schildberg—it was all very easy and natural.

The Berliner with me remarked in a whisper that our young guide greatly resembled his grandmother, the late Empress Augusta Victoria. To me, it seemed that he looked somewhat like his mother, Crown Princess Cecilie, who now lives in retirement at Potsdam.

The prince is twenty-six years old; he was born, by the way, on the fourth of July, which led my companion to make the remark that, should he ever rule over a German monarchy, Germany and the United States would have a national holiday in common. He is slender and well set up, showing plainly the effects of an outdoor, athletic life. His good physical condition is largely due to his membership in the Stahlhelm, the insignia of which—a miniature steel helmet—he was wearing in his buttonhole. The Stahlhelm, recruited largely from veterans who fought at the front in the old German army, not only has pronounced monarchistic leanings but also a strong belief in physical fitness. As a member of its junior section, Prince Wilhelm Friedrich has won distinction as a good all-around athlete.

Too Busy to Travel

He is a youth of clean-cut, aristocratic features. He has narrow slits of eyes surmounted by eyebrows with a curious upward twist, which give him a whimsical and attractive expression. He speaks eagerly and hurriedly and seems never at a loss for words; yet, at the same time, he betrays a boyish shyness. He was wearing a gray sporting suit, with plus fours, and a gray tie—and his only concession to the cold weather, as he led us over the Schildberg farmyard, was a thin, low-necked jersey worn under his jacket.

As we walked, the conversation turned to America—not entirely because I was an American, but also owing to the fact that the prince's brother, Louis Ferdinand, has lived in the United States for something like a year and a half, and is now employed in Detroit. As we stood between rows of horse stalls, with magnificent specimens of draft horses busily munching their evening meal and swishing their tails at us in pleasant greeting, I asked Prince Wilhelm Friedrich whether he too was contemplating a visit to America.

"Oh, not now," he answered. "I should like very much to go. My brother Louis Ferdinand is enthusiastic about it and so is my other brother, Friedrich,

(Continued on page 42)

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A policy which leaves his family free from debt when he dies?

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With no obligation on my part, I shall be glad to have further information as to the practical way of building an Insurance Program to meet my needs.

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NEWS

NOW—
bristles can't
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"THE greatest single improvement ever made in tooth brushes" . . . That is our sincere judgment of **PERMA-GRIP**, the new Pro-phy-lac-tic invention (United States Pat. No. 1472165).

This dramatic advance ends the medical danger of loose bristles lodging in gums, throat, or lower internal organs.

The tufts of bristle are not merely fastened into the handle, but actually become a part of it! Be sure that the next tooth brush you buy gives you the advantages of this outstanding improvement.

Ask for the new Pro-phy-lac-tic, and remember that the improved 1933 model has the word **PERMA-GRIP** plainly shown on the new window-type package. When you use it, you will feel how the famous Tuft really reaches and cleans the molars (back teeth). You will note how it polishes every part of every tooth. How much longer the brush lasts.

Adult size, 50¢. *Youth's*, for school children; also used by many grown-ups with small mouths, 35¢. *Child's*, for tiny teeth, 25¢. All are genuine American made throughout, sterilized, sealed in Cellophane, and must satisfy you completely or *your money back.*

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., *Florence, Mass.*

Prophylactic

Bristles Fastened Forever by PERMA-GRIP
(U. S. PAT. 1472165)

They can't Hurt Us, Kid!

Continued from page 12

time, by the young and surging Gene Tunney.

Tunney won't be known to history as "a guy who could hit." He was classified as a boxer—not a slugger, or a "basher," as the Britons say—but there must have been something pretty potent about the way he pushed his mallets, for after he approached the stature and the poundage of a heavyweight, few indeed were the gentlemen who tasted his fists for ten rounds and looked even approximately the same afterwards.

Tunney almost ruined Tom's pleasant features in the twelve rounds they traveled that sweltering night. The major item of damage was a wicked gash through the brow from which the blood welled in positive torrents. Some of Gibbons' supporters claimed the wound came from an accidental butt, but Gibbons made no such attempt to detract from Tunney's score.

Gibbons' Last Fight

The knock-out came in the twelfth, and after being revived and dressed Gibbons was taken to a suite in a downtown hotel. Here he stretched out while they ministered to his bruises and abrasions. As he reclined with ice-packs upon his puffed and swollen features, he began to talk about a comeback. He joked about the knock-out and called it the result of his carelessness. The night had been too hot. The heat from the low-swung movie arcs had been sizzling. He'd held Tunney too lightly. He'd believed them when they said the ex-Marine couldn't hit. Up to that night, he'd scored some twenty straight knock-outs, most of them in no more than two rounds. The East was clamoring for somebody to fight Dempsey. He'd stayed fifteen rounds with the Man of Manassa at Shelby. Whether he got the Dempsey shot or not, there were still plenty of coconuts to be had from a "comeback tour." He'd go home, rest up and start swinging the circuit.

Thus he babbled along while they sterilized his cuts and cracked ice for the bags in the bathtub. Because of the packs, he couldn't see the face of Eddie Kane, his little manager. I won't go so far as to say there were tears in Kane's eyes, but they weren't far from his voice as he said, "Keep quiet, Tom, and take it easy. You aren't going to fight any more. You've had enough. Tonight was the tip-off. That wasn't any accident, and even if it was, it might happen again. You've got enough money. You've still got your strength and your health. I'm not going to see you go back in there and get busted up. It's not worth it to me."

"Sure, I'm all right," said Tom, "I've got enough to be comfortable, but you're going to need more money, and what'll you do?"

"Never mind what I'll do," said Kane rather grimly. "I'll get it somehow, but I don't want it this way. You get this comeback business out of your squash. You're not going to fight any more because I'm not going to make any more fights for you, and if you try to fight for somebody else, I'll find some way of stopping you, if I have to shoot you through the hands."

Tom Gibbons never fought again. He retired, as Kane ordered, to a comfortable and highly respected existence in the Middle West. Today, in the prime of life, he is healthy, alert, clear-eyed and clear-headed, enjoying to the fullest his family, his neighbors, and the esteem of the entire community.

Kane went ahead as a manager, to pilot little Sammy Mandell into the lightweight championship and, although he had ups and downs, his fat months and his lean, he never would listen to any promoter's suggestion "to bring Tom Gibbons back."

Kane died a couple of years ago. At his bier with the tears streaming unashamedly down his somewhat fuller face, stood his old boxer, Tom Gibbons.

This is the perfect antithesis of the previous picture. Unfortunately, it's one of the rarer set of prints.

Just where the prize fight manager in his present form came into the pugilistic focus, the histories and anthologies fail exactly to say. I have read the lore of the ancients without encountering anything much about managers. There's plenty, however, about "patrons," meaning, not cash customers, as the word does today, but "backers," and in a certain sense "owners."

In England, where boxing in its present form really originated, these patrons seem to have been wealthy young sporting blades, most of whom bore titles.

But these backers were in more for the sport of the thing. They handled their men in the fights much after the fashion of modern seconds, only, most of the fights being held in open fields, they knelt in their corners between rounds on one knee so that the boxers might sit on the other! They posted purses, made side bets, and split the winnings with their men. But, so far as the records go, there were no fixed fights, no political manipulations, no newspaper ballyhoo, no contracts and no battles over percentages. Hence, they couldn't have been direct progenitors of the modern fight managers.

And they were backers rather than managers, in this country, too, in the days of the game's dim beginnings. Of backers, the mighty John L. Sullivan had a dozen or more at various times—men such as Harry S. Phillips, Tom Early, Al Smith, Billy Madden, Pat Sheedy and others less famous, but a manager of the modern mold he assuredly never had, else there would never have been such a scene as occurred in New York's old Madison Square Garden one historic evening early in 1882.

The stormy Sullivan at this stage was not yet considered champion, but he was hurling bitter defiance at Paddy Ryan, the official American titleholder. In fact, two years before, he had caused to be printed and disseminated the following blanket challenge:

"I am prepared to make a match to fight any man breathing, for any sum from $1,000 to $10,000 at catch weights. This challenge is especially directed to Paddy Ryan and will remain open for a month if he should see fit to accept it.

"Respectfully yours,
"JOHN L. SULLIVAN."

Ryan had dodged with the supercilious sneer that Sullivan lacked sufficient importance to make his challenge worth considering and had dismissed John and his note with the snobbish advice to go first and get himself a reputation.

John, taking him literally, started a pugilistic tour of the Middle West where he belted over everything he could persuade to stand up in front of him, but, as so often happens, he himself fell heir to an unexpected attack from the rear. While John was away, Professor Mike Donovan, a New York boxing stylist, began hurling long-distance insults at him and publicly predicting a dire fate for the Bostonian if the two ever met in a serious fight. They had sparred three rounds once in a benefit performance when Sullivan was first starting out.

The climax came in the Garden in 1882 when Donovan crawled into the ring before a huge assemblage and repeated his boast that he could whip John L. Sullivan. But the professor was guilty of a serious oversight. What he didn't know was that Sullivan had completed his western tour and was an interested spectator out front.

To quote an authority: "No sooner had the professor concluded his boastful remarks than John charged the ring roaring in a flood of vituperative Elizabethan English, excessively vigorous even for him, that he was ready to accept the challenge on the spot.

"Donovan, taken utterly aback, stuttered out, 'I ain't got no show against this man,' and vanished with astonishing speed."

Thereafter, John, a famous impromptu orator, responded to the screams of the audience for a speech with one of his grandiloquent outpourings.

"I've had some pretty hot fights lately," he assured his auditors, "but when I hit 'em once or twice, they usually weaken at once. The longest scrap I ever had went about twenty minutes, and that fellow was on the floor most of the time. I was never learned to box; I learned myself from watching other boxers. My style of boxing is perfectly oracular—I mean original—with me. A fighter can't be made out of a stiff. A man who can stick four hours and be half pounded to death has to be born."

This scene, entertaining, even thrilling as it was, would never have come off under the ægis of a modern manager. Risking the impromptu settlement of an argument with such bright commercial possibilities wouldn't have been permitted under any circumstances. Modern gladiators never fight without gate receipts even in night clubs.

A Shrewd Showman

It was probably William A. Brady, the present theatrical patriarch, who started the trend toward modern managing methods. It was Brady who handled the championship career of the late James J. Corbett after having signed Jim originally to act in an important melodrama called After Dark at the fancy figure of $500 a week. It was while appearing in this play that the graceful Corbett, contrary to modern procedure, was challenged (along with Frank Slavin and Charlie Mitchell) by the reigning champion and rival Thespian, John Lawrence Sullivan.

Although Corbett, according to Sullivan's choleric roar, was his third choice in foes and the terms (a $25,000 purse and a $10,000 side bet—*winner take all*) were the stiffest ever imposed up to then, it was Corbett who personally raised the money from New York sports in Koster and Bial's one Sunday night, who got the fight and won the title in the New Orleans Olympic Club September 7, 1892, in a battle that literally stunned the sporting world.

And it was William A. Brady who managed him, into, through and after the big event, and after him another champion, Jim Jeffries.

A shrewd showman already, he capitalized to the fullest the human interest side of the fray. Corbett was young, frail compared to Sullivan, quite handsome and charming. He was about to be thrown in as fodder for the fists of

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the killer. Brady twanged a sonorous lyre upon the David vs. Goliath theme. He took Corbett on a tour of the country, hiring theaters and halls wherein all comers were invited to stay four rounds with Corbett for a prize of $100.

Here then was the origin of the big pre-fight build-up. He plastered every billboard and barn-side near where they would show with "James J. Corbett, Now Matched to Fight the Great John L. Sullivan." He entertained newspaper men lavishly and handed out carefully phrased interviews. Here again was the origin of the fistic press-agent and the ballyhoo. He wound up the tour with a grand smash in Madison Square Garden where within four rounds Corbett stopped George Spillings of Rochester; Bob Caffey of Philadelphia, and Joe Lannon, a former sparring partner of Sullivan's. Here, then, was the origin of the big-town exhibition.

Corbett himself said once, "I've seen almost all the fight managers of the last forty years, but I never met a smarter one than William A. Brady. He was the originator of all the business strategy they follow these days, only the prizes now are bigger."

Exhibit Number One

The problems of those days, however, seem childishly simple when compared with those of the present. I don't say that men like Brady, Tom O'Rourke, Parson Davis, Sam Fitzpatrick and the rest of the Old Guard couldn't have handled ring business of the modern sort, but I do say they didn't, chiefly because they didn't have to.

They didn't have to be contract-minded, for one thing. Prize-fighting had no legal standing, therefore contracts meant nothing.

There was no political angle to their business; commission-ruled pugilism was still thirty years away.

They didn't have to be able to talk glibly and figure quickly in terms of high finance. The million-dollar gate was still far in the distance.

Their problems were uncomplicated; their procedures direct. They met. They agreed. An honest man held the money. They fought! They settled up. That's all there was to it.

The modern manager is strictly a post-war product, but he's considerably more than just something washed in from the sea upon boxing's great golden tidal wave of the tremendous 1920's. He had practically nothing to do with starting the wave. The war did that. But having seen it start, he was quick to get a surfboard on it.

He lashed it to new heights and further travels with the howling winds of ballyhoo, and even now that it has receded he still paddles around in some fairly fat puddles it left.

A gentleman whose real name is Leo McKiernan, but who's known to the trade as "Jack Kearns," is generally considered the No. 1 Exhibit in the gallery of modern managing immortals.

Kearns was one of many managers, who, at one time and another, had something to do with Dempsey. His chronological spot was eighth in the list and there were two after their famous quarrel, but he chanced to have Dempsey when "Dempsey was Dempsey."

Taking one thing with another, figuring in personal appearances, stage and motion picture work, revenue from ghost-written literature, endorsements and all the rest, Dempsey earned more than three million dollars, from July 4, 1919, when he whipped Big Jess Willard in Toledo to September 22, 1927, when he failed to win back his title from James Joseph Tunney in Chicago!

And the perhaps exaggerated legend of the murder in his hard, hairy fists drew a grand total of $9,442,226 in gross gate receipts!

Of their personal take, it has always been understood that the two Jacks "sliced their dough down the aisle," as the boys say—or divided 50-50. This is contrary to Boxing Commission law which says that no manager can take more than a third of his boxer's earnings, but in pugilism laws seem made only to be dodged or broken.

Rickard offered Dempsey, for the Carpentier fight—which because of its war background was perhaps the most colorful "Battle of the Century"—either a flat guarantee or a percentage of the gate. Kearns took the guarantee instead of the percentage.

The fight, scaled from $5.50 to a $50 top, drew an unbelievable and unprecedented audience of over 75,000 and a gate of $1,789,000. If Kearns had taken the percentage, instead of the guarantee, Dempsey's end would have been better than a half million dollars!

But not even a Kearns could see that boxing had become such a sudden bonanza. To the credit of his acumen, be it recorded that he had to be shown only once. He never underestimated the pulling powers of his champion again. When he dictated figures from that time forward, his terms were a guarantee *and* percentage!

Managers have made, and do make, some curious bungles.

Bad business guesses are only part of them. Sometimes it's a serious error about when to let a fighter go. There was the case of Doc Bagley, for instance. Bagley, still seen in an occasional corner as an expert second, was doing a promising business right after the war. He had a fair stable in harness and things were looking up. In particular he had by the halter a flashy lightweight named Willie Jackson, who seemed full of life.

Likewise, in an off stall, stood a gangling and diffident young light-heavyweight who called himself Gene Tunney. Tunney had walked in one day and asked Bagley to manage him, and Bagley was proceeding to, under a word-of-mouth contract that gave Bagley twenty-five per cent of his winnings. But Tunney, to Bagley's way of seeing, was full of unorthodox notions and was of no especial promise anyhow. So when Tunney walked in one day and offered $5,000 for his freedom in order to sign up with Billy Gibson, Bagley thought himself lucky, both to get the money and to get himself more time to devote to Willie Jackson.

Bagley is still doing piece-work in blood-spattered corners and waiting for another opportunity such as the one he didn't see.

Quick thinking and quicker acting are parts of a manager's requirements.

And there are others. In fact, few jobs have so many different angles.

There's the technical side. A manager must know how to teach a boxer, perhaps how to change his style. He must know how to train him, where and when. How much work to give him and of what sort. What matches to make, what opponents to duck, what opponents will "make him look good," and which, although perhaps easy to defeat, are possessed of a style that will "make him look bad."

He must know how to second his man in a fight, how to pick flaws in the other fellow's defense, when to speed his boy up, when to tell him to "coast." He must be able to tell his fighter how to change his own style or strategy in order to confuse an opponent, and this between rounds. He must be able to minister expertly and swiftly to physical injuries.

He must know how much water to throw on or pour into his man, when and where to knead his muscles, when to give him a whiff from the salts bottle, a swallow of ammonia or a searing shot of brandy. He must know when to claim foul and how, as well as how to combat such a claim from the opposite corner. He must know how to keep his head in a crisis, how to think clearly and accurately with all the world, including his helpers, gone mad around him.

Then there's the personal side. Not only with his fighter, whom he'll have to humor, cajole, order and threaten in turn. Fighters don't like to fight, and training is drudgery. Some of them are temperamental. Most of them have cases of nerves, especially in the final days of training when they start to "get on edge." But the fighter is the smallest part of it.

The manager must keep on cordial terms with sports writers, politicians, and "important men." He's got to issue interviews, to entertain, to speak in behalf of his man, to keep the annoying crowds away from his man, and still do it in such a way that his popularity won't suffer.

Then there's the business angle. It's a matter of angling for matches; keeping in touch with promoters and possibilities; fighting doggedly for that ultimate fraction of percentage; trying to force promoters to use lesser members of his stable on the supporting card; endeavoring to wangle advantageous deals, and likewise to avoid being wangled out of the picture by some other cutthroat; either beating back or beating down the thousand and one chiselers, and so on and on through an almost interminable maze.

And all for what?

For a practical zero, or so it appears.

Hardly any of them ever wind up with anything. I can't think of more than three or four who quit with any money, or who kept what they did quit with for long. Pa Stribling has money, but then he managed his own son and took his wife along as a second. Leo P. Flynn left his widow well fixed, but he made a lot of his out of match-making. Old Dan Hickey quit with all he made out of Berlenbach, but Dan was old and wise when Berlenbach came along. He'd been through the mill once and had learned the bitter lesson.

To Manage the Manager

Danny Dunn must have most of what he made with John Risko, but Dunn is one of the old-timers, and not the true modern type. George Blake must have his split of Fidel LaBarba's purses, but Mr. Blake is far removed from the usual managerial type.

With the rest, their careers are like that wise-cracker's definition of Broadway—"A good time; a wheel chair, and a benefit."

Some of them, strangely enough, leave their fighters well fixed, with money tied tightly in annuities, trust funds or otherwise safe. Their own, however, they never seem to know how to handle, and this for all the fact that they're the brains of the team.

Even the great Kearns has lost all he made out of Dempsey. He could get it but he couldn't keep it. And that seems to be typical of most of the craft. Smart in and near the ring, these gentlemen are seldom as shrewd away from it. Bad business deals, the bright lights, bookmakers and shysters usually wind up with most of what they had.

Their personal tragedies seldom get into print, for it's the fighter, not the manager, who focusses the spotlight, but if the game ever booms to the old figures again, some agency should provide a third partner for every boxing team.

And his job should be to manage the manager!

Don't let their fun ROB you of money

It's great to be young, and scramble and scamper all day long. Makes rosy cheeks and bounding health too. But isn't it tough on the family shoe bill?

Not if you shoe those young rascals with Goodyear Wingfoot Soles! Longer-wearing—*waterproof*—they make the whole shoe last longer. Join the millions of parents who have found the Wingfoot way to children's (and grownups') shoe economy.

Have Goodyear Wingfoot Soles put on the new shoes you buy; get them when having shoes repaired. They cost no more than ordinary soles.

Put new spring in your step.
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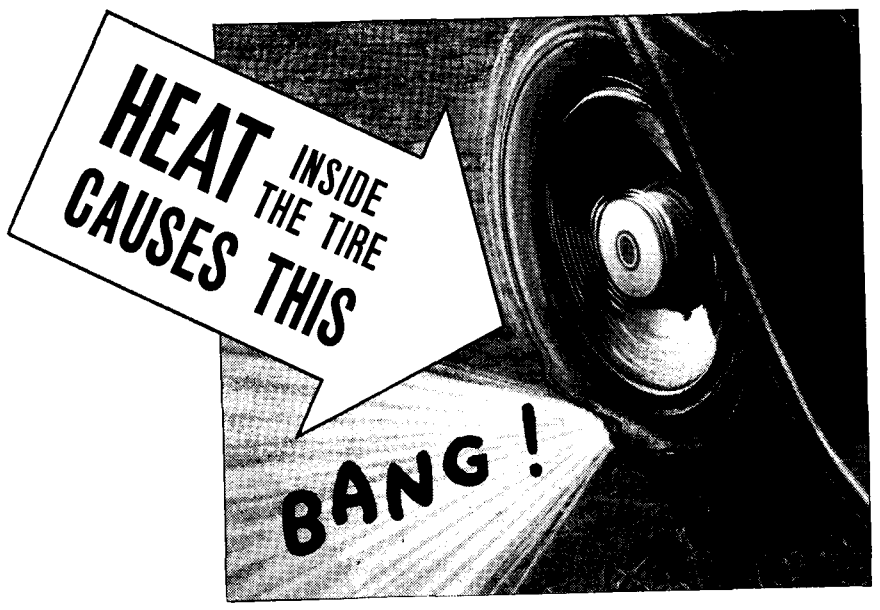
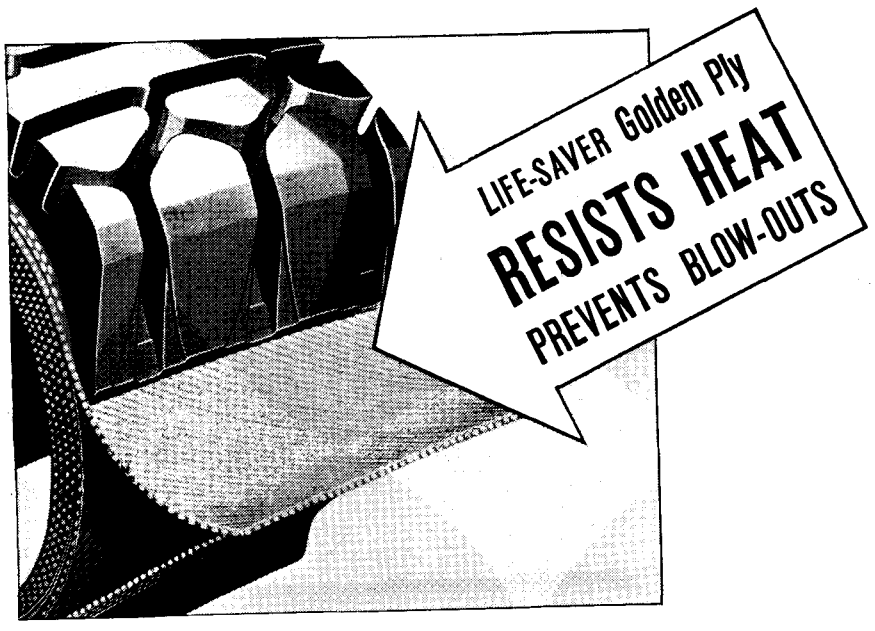
Collier's, *The National Weekly*

THIS NEW TIRE





Remarkable new invention makes safest tire ever built 3 times safer from blow-outs . . . No extra cost to public!

THIS is probably the most vital single announcement ever made about a tire. It's the story of a life-saving invention. An invention that will save thousands of lives . . . maybe *your* life . . . and prevent thousands and thousands of those accidents that maim and cripple people. For years auto speeds have been increasing. The whole nation is hitting it up. Big car or small, they go 70 now. A mile-a-minute is simply America's diet today!

How people are killed

And when the speedometer reads 40, 50, 60 and 70—mile after mile . . . the heat inside the tire carcass becomes terrific. Rubber and fabric begin to separate. A blister starts . . . *inside the tire,* where you can't see it . . . and grows. Like an insidious tumor, it gets bigger and bigger . . . Until BANG! A blow-out! The rim hits the road . . . And a terrible drag sets in . . . Like some unseen monster pulling your car off the highway!

So somebody simply HAD to build a safer tire. One that would stand the terrific strain of modern high-speed motors.

How it prevents blow-outs

To protect you from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire has the amazing new Life-Saver Golden Ply. This new invention resists terrific heat—fabric and rubber don't separate. Thus blisters don't form inside the tire. Blow-outs are *prevented* by overcoming the *very cause* of blow-outs before they start.

Three times safer at high speeds

At gruelling speeds on the world's fastest track, the New Goodrich Safety Silvertown Tire with the Life-Saver Golden Ply lasted *three times as long* as first quality tires that did not have this

The **NEW** **Goodrich** *Safety*

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WILL SAVE LIVES

feature. Proved itself three times safer from blow-outs. Other tires blew out at one-third the distance the New Silvertowns were run. The New Silvertowns NEVER blew . . . Rubber got *so hot it fairly smoked . . . wore right down* to the fabric. But the Golden Ply *refused* to give. Engineers cheered. Telegraph wires flashed the marvelous news. The last big obstacle to *real* safety had been licked!

How to get this protection FREE

Don't think that slower driving can save you from blow-outs, either. Sustained speeds—on longer trips—as low as 35 or 40 miles per hour can generate terrific heat, too. *Even in* cold weather!

The only way to be safe is to make sure you get this Life-Saver Golden Ply Tire. When *you* buy a tire, get a Silvertown . . . a Goodrich Safety SILVERTOWN. It costs not a penny more than any other standard tire. You owe yourself and your family this added protection—because investigation shows that the chances are better than even that you'll have a blow-out. *When,* nobody knows. Tomorrow, perhaps. That blister . . . that blow-out in the making . . . may be in your tire *right now.*

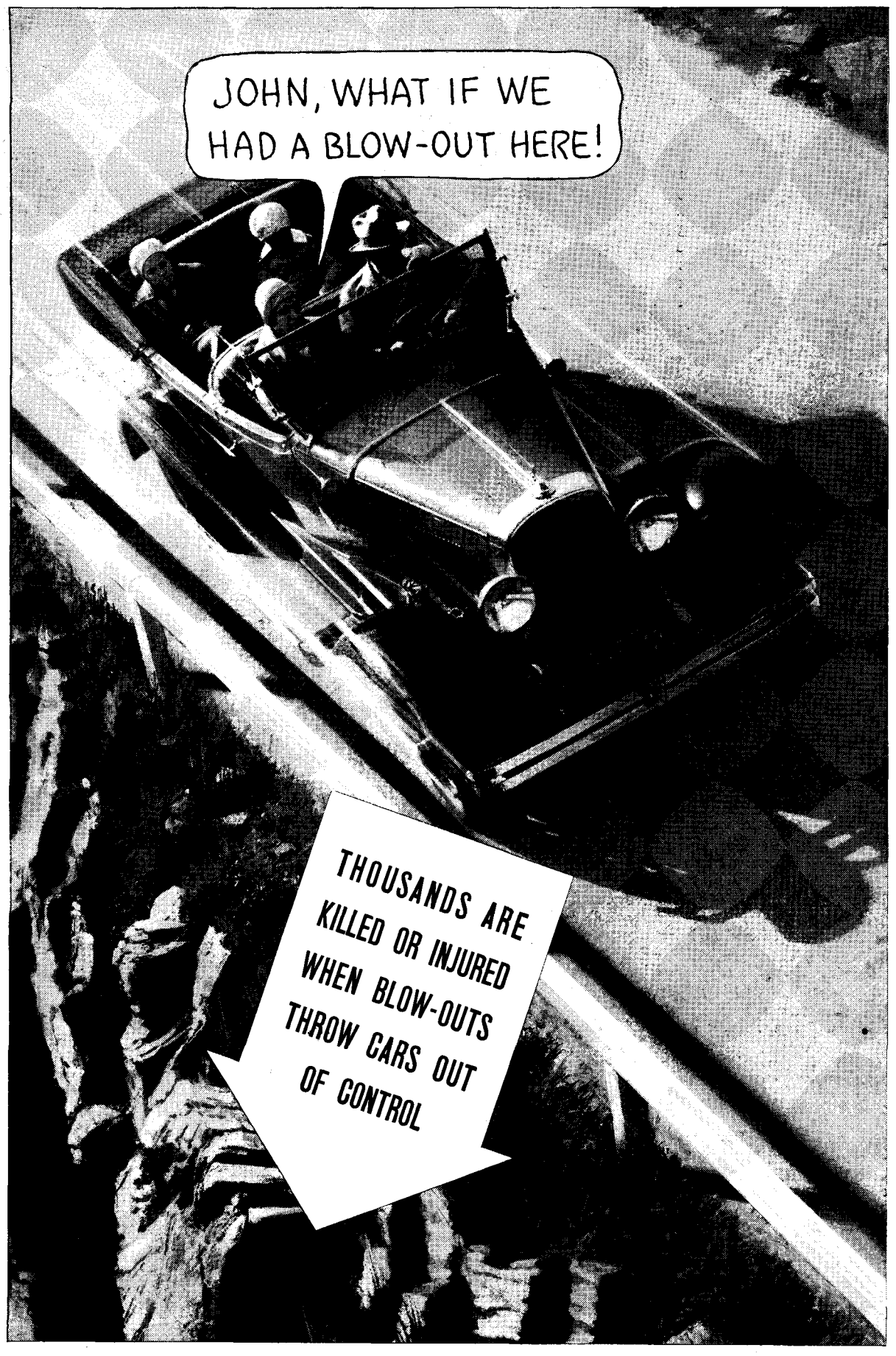
Safest anti-skid tread

The tread, too, is safer from skidding. Scientific tests with leading makes of tires prove that Goodrich Safety Silvertowns have the most skid-resisting tread on the road. Even on wet, slippery pavements, the squeegee drying action of this famous tread gives your car extra road-grip and reduces danger of skidding to the minimum.

Get this Silvertown Tire on *your* car. Look up your Goodrich dealer's name under the classification "Tires" in your classified telephone directory.

Important: The New Goodrich Safety Silvertowns, giving you protection from blow-outs at high speeds, are stock tires and should not be confused with specially-constructed racing tires built to last only a few hundred miles.

FREE This handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. No obligation . . . just join Silvertown Safety League. Endorsed by Traffic Officials. Write today. Dept. 111, The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio.



Silvertown

WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

32,000 rubber articles, representing more than 1,000 distinct rubber products. Goodrich Tires. Zippers. Rubber Footwear. Drug Sundries. Soles. Heels. Hose. Belting. Packing. Molded and Hard Rubber Goods.

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Cold Trails

Continued from page 24

"Dunn," he said at once, "where was Val Douglas yesterday?"

"He was in Nine-Mile Valley," Dunn said.

"And that's not so far from Ace Springs, is it?"

"Not so far."

"But riding toward Santiam he'd be going just the opposite way from Ace Springs, wouldn't he?"

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Toward Santiam," said the sheriff, "was where he said he was, just this minute when I asked him. What's your answer to that?"

THE two men eyed each other. "If he said he was up toward Santiam, he was probably up toward Santiam," Dunn said.

The sheriff grunted and half grinned, without humor. "How lucky. With a man dead at Ace Springs, naturally Douglas was as far away as he could get! Where were you, Wheeler?"

One by one they each gave their answers, tersely, without conciliation, as the same question was put to each.

"I want you boys," the sheriff said to his deputies, "to remember what these men have said."

"You figure to keep us here all night?" Horse Dunn demanded.

"I'm going to turn you out of here in ten minutes," Amos said.

Rufe Deane, swinging up the wooden steps, was in time to catch the sheriff's answer. He now thrust in, his green eyes ugly under his shaggy sorrel brows. "You're going to what?" he said.

"I have no intention," the sheriff said, "of holding these men on what we got against 'em so far."

Rufe Deane angered with an obvious, unexpected violence. "You mean to stand there and tell me you're going to cut 'em loose?"

"I mean I'll take who I want to, and when I want to, and I won't be told differently by my deputies or anybody else!"

"By God, Walt," said Link Bender, "Rufe's right. You can't—"

"Keep quiet," Amos snapped at him. Link Bender's eyes narrowed but he shut his mouth.

"These men'll never leave this town," said Rufe Deane.

"I decide that here," said the sheriff.

Rufe Deane stared at him a moment longer, green fury in his eyes. Suddenly he tore off his deputy's badge and threw it on the floor. "Maybe you do," he said. He turned and went out into the street, the high heels of his boots clumping slowly, restrained; but as he disappeared from view they heard his step quicken on the board walk.

Walt Amos said, "You want that badge, Sam?"

Sam Caldwell hesitated a moment. "All right," he said.

The sheriff turned on his remaining deputies. "If any of you want to string with Rufe Deane, now's the time to say so! Because the next job of this office is to guarantee these men safe conduct out of town."

"Walt," said Link Bender, "I'm for you and I always have been; and there's mighty few jobs I'd back off from as a peace officer. But I don't know as I can bring myself to turn my hand to that!"

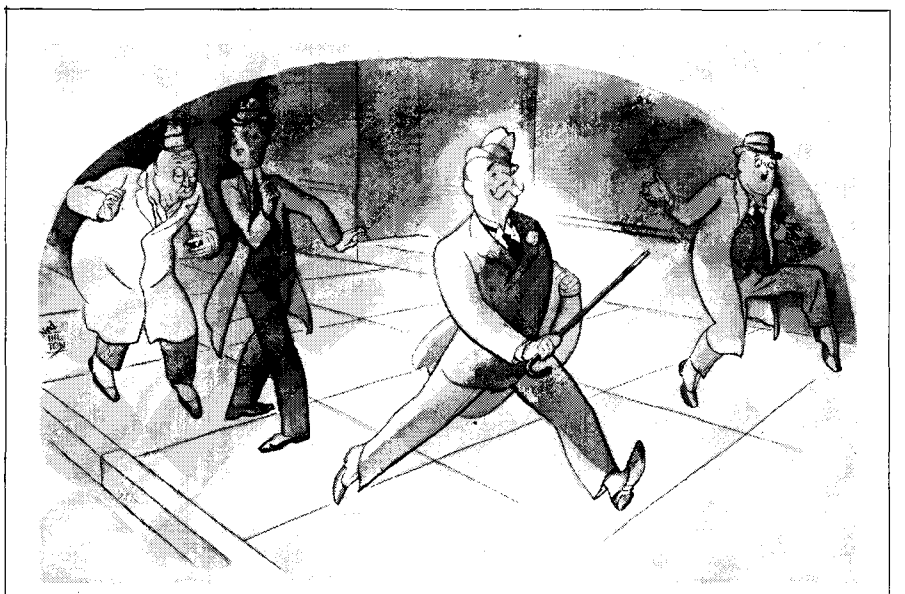
Horse Dunn spoke up, his voice rumbling in his chest. "Who the hell wants safe conduct?" he said contemptuously. "When you're tired of jawing, we'll move on out."

Walt Amos turned his back on them, and stood staring out into the sun-blasted street. That street was curiously empty—unwholesomely empty, so that nobody who had seen the crowd there could look at that street now without knowing that something was irregular, something wrong.

"Move out, then," the sheriff said. "Drag your freight and drag it quick. Keep going. Five minutes from now I don't want you in this town."

Horse Dunn chuckled in his short beard and hitched his belt up. Slowly he sauntered past the deputies, staring at each of them with an open, insolent amusement as he passed; then he shouldered out, a huge hulk that filled the whole frame of the door.

Unhurrying, the 94 men made their way along the main street of Inspiration, around the corner to their car. Unquestionably it had been Rufe Deane's intention that the 94 men should never leave that town. Sullen groups that loitered about doorways silently watched them pass. Certain cowboy hangouts—the feed barn, the saddlery, the blacksmith shop—were full of men. But in the open sunlight of midday, Rufe Deane and his supporters were caught



"Nothing fazes Hockwald. He steps on all the lines" *Ned Hilton*

short of time, and nobody attempted to bar Horse Dunn's way.

But as the dust of Inspiration kicked out from under their tires they knew that they had put behind them a violence that was not avoided, but only delayed.

BY THE time they reached the ranch it was already late afternoon, and the tall Tuscaroras were sending vast, vague fingers of shadow about the layout of the 94, while the high eastern horizon was still brightly brassy in the sun. Marian did not come out to meet them. Hunting around, Horse Dunn presently sighted her sitting on the fence of a little empty corral, hidden from the house by the barns. He walked out to climb the fence beside her; and Billy Wheeler, tired of people around him, went to his room, and got his razors out.

Here Horse presently came looking for him. The old cow boss walked in slowly, and closed the door after him. He sat down on the edge of the bunk with the movements of a man a hundred years old.

"You know what she said to me?" he demanded.

"Nope."

"I went out to where she's sitting on that corral. I just wanted to tell her about Rufe Deane throwing down his deputy's badge, and the way they cleared the street. I thought maybe if she'd seen it all she'd know what we're up against. So I went out there and I said, 'Marian—' That was all I said. She never even looked at me. And pretty soon she says—*'You're making this country run red.'*"

Billy Wheeler laid his razor down. "She said that to you?"

"'You're making this country run red,'" Horse Dunn repeated. "So long as I live I'll never forget the way she said that."

SUDDENLY Billy Wheeler felt a detached pity for this old man and this girl. He was able to see what Horse Dunn could not: that the girl was curiously dependent upon this old man, who looked like her father; was dependent upon him in more ways than she was aware. And both were deeply hurt, at a loss, because they could not understand each other.

Horse Dunn straightened up, slapping his knees, and some of the stiffening came back into him. "But that isn't what I come in here to make mention of," he said. "Look here. I didn't want to say nothing about this in front of them others. But take a look at that envelope."

The envelope he handed Billy Wheeler was empty, torn across the end. It bore the return address of a cattle loan company two hundred miles away. But on turning it over again something else caught his eye—a peculiarity in the gluing of the flap.

"This thing was steamed open," he said after a moment.

Horse Dunn nodded. "Now you know why the Link Bender crowd is able to time things so good," he said.

"But look here—somebody can be made to sweat for this!"

"What's the good of making some two-for-a-nickel postmaster sweat? The thing is, they've got a line on my business through my mail. By now they know more about it than I do, for all I know!"

"Have they learned anything much?"

"They learned a plenty, just in that one letter. I've got thirty-eight thousand dollars coming due next week, with that company alone. I wrote them asking for more time. I don't get it. I've got to go there."

"Well, there's sure some way for you to get there—in spite of Amos."

"Sure, I can get there. But what's the good? All the Link Bender crowd has to do is clamp down with their infernal silly murder charge. Who's going to lend money to a cowman under a charge of murder?"

"Horse," said Wheeler with conviction, "one thing's certain. We've got to find Bob Flagg."

Horse Dunn flared up. "And how are we going to find him? He checked out of his hotel at Flagstaff—and where is he now? If it was anybody but Flagg I'd think he'd cut out with the pot. But this is the same damn' way he's been all his life! He never lets a man know anything about anything."

"Good heavens, Horse! There must be ways to—"

"Name two," Horse Dunn said morosely. "Well—get Old Man Coffee in here."

Billy Wheeler went out, wiping the lather from his face, and brought Old Man Coffee in. He was not hard to find; in case of doubt he could always be traced in relation to the mournful singing of his dogs. Coffee came in gloomily and threw his coiled dog whip on the floor.

"I haven't actually hit a dog with that thing for over nine days," he offered. "But I swear I come close to hitting one tonight. That old fool makes me so cussed—"

"Coffee," Dunn interrupted, "you haven't been here long; but you've trailed and back-trailed, and promoted all over this place with those long-eared hounds. Now tell me one thing: do you see any show of finding out who killed Lon Magoon?"

Old Man Coffee dropped into a chair and considered for several long moments. "No," he said at last.

"Why?" Dunn demanded.

"Somebody, some place, may have killed Lon Magoon, for all I know. But he sure wasn't killed at Short Crick."

FOR once in his life old Horse Dunn's jaw dropped. "Look here! You wouldn't go to fooling with me?"

"I don't always know what I'm talking about. This time I know."

"But the saddle—"

"I don't question it was Magoon's saddle; I only say it was a different man was killed in it."

Again Horse stared at Coffee; then he relaxed a little, and sat down on the bunk. "Coffee," he said, "if you're so dead sure, in God's name tell us what you know!"

Coffee squinted his deep-set eyes at Dunn. "I sore-footed a good dog, and like to killed a mule, getting over here to help you with this case. I don't ask for that to be appreciated. But I'm getting a little tired of answering all the questions around here!"

Horse looked baffled. "What's the matter with you?"

"I'm tired of being lied to, for one thing."

"Who's lied to you?"

"More than one, right here on this place. Dunn, there's too many things not open to the eye round here to suit me!"

"Coffee," said Horse Dunn without belligerence, "what in all hell do you mean by that?"

"I'll just give you one sample." Old Man Coffee picked up his dog whip from the floor and sorted out its coils with bony old fingers. "There's been a horse in this case that's been known as the killer's horse, because he left his trail at Short Crick, mixed up in the sign of the killing. You know I took old Rock and we trailed that horse; though it come to nothing, then. Now, since we've been back here this afternoon, I've seen a funny thing. Rock's been working around the horse corrals by himself, trying to work out a trail. Dog voices is peculiar—they call different trails in different ways. And as soon as I heard Rock's voice I knew he was crying the trail of the killer's horse."

They stared at him in silence. Then

(Continued on page 36)

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Cold Trails

Continued from page 34

Horse Dunn said, "You're telling me that the killer's horse has been here in this layout within the past few days?"

"Within the past twenty-four hours," Coffee said.

Horse Dunn made a gesture of impatience, almost of disgust. "I swear I never heard the beat," he said. "You set out to give me a sample of how you've been done wrong by, around here. And what does it come to? You read names, dates and places into the howl of a hound; and you figure out that right here among us he's come on a trail that he completely lost when he had the straight run of it."

"You asked me for a sample of something peculiar around here," Old Man Coffee said. "I give it to you."

"Well, why," Dunn demanded, "didn't you take the hound and trace out where this suspicious horse track went?"

"That's what made me sore at old Rock," Coffee said. "As soon as I went near him he quit cold. He remembered that combing over I gave him yesterday, on that same trail, I guess. And now he's under the bunk-house and won't come out."

"All right. What's some other samples?"

"I've no mind to argue with you," said Coffee.

Horse Dunn's voice hardened a shade. "There's just one little point you made, Coffee, where I think we've got an argument coming. A minute ago you said you'd been lied to here. Now, I want to know how you back that up."

"You want me to back that up?" Coffee appeared to consider. "It's pretty near time to eat," he said finally. "I'll back up that one statement I made—that one and no more—after we've et."

"'After we've et,'" Dunn repeated. "You figure that gorging yourself is more important than thrashing out this case?"

"Yes," said Old Man Coffee.

Horse Dunn threw up his hands and went stalking out.

THE mountains were throwing their early lucid twilight across the range of the 94 by the time the cowboys cleared their supper plates. They had eaten in silence. But somehow, in the interval since the conference in Billy Wheeler's room, everybody there had learned about the quarrel that was smoking up between Old Man Coffee and Horse Dunn. So now they still loafed in the mess shack, and nobody spoke of seven-up. They rolled cigarettes and lighted pipes, and a couple of lamps were lit, throwing tall, huge shadows of the men on the walls behind. They all knew that the 94 was up against a thrash-out, within itself.

"I hear," Val Douglas said to Old Man Coffee, "you've got a talking dog."

"News travels," said Old Man Coffee.

"I hear your dog says that the killer's horse has been in this layout, within the past two days."

"So he tells me."

"Coffee," said Douglas, "that's my idea of a very dog-gone' peculiar thing; maybe just a little too peculiar to rest on the hollering of a hound."

Wheeler looked over the tall wagon boss, and he knew more than ever that he didn't like this man. "I wouldn't put up my back if I was you," he said to Douglas. "What little has been found out about this case has been found out by Old Man Coffee; and God knows it's been through no help from you!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"Twice you told us you were going one place and you went a different place. The sheriff is an inexperienced kid, but he ran *you* up a tree—and made fools of us all."

"If I didn't tell you where I went," Douglas said hotly, "it was because it didn't come up."

"There's all ways of bending the truth," said Coffee.

Billy Wheeler said, "I'm beginning to ask myself who around here is afraid of the truth!"

Marian Dunn spoke, her voice husky and very low. In that room were Gil Baker, Steve Hurley, Tulare Callahan, Horse Dunn; and the ancient Tia Cara was just beyond the door. But now as Marian spoke it was as if she were alone with just Billy Wheeler and Val Douglas, and none of the others counted at all. "I'll say this," she said: "I'd believe Val Douglas more quickly than I'd believe myself."

BILLY WHEELER was silent. He knew that she felt she had sworn to a false statement—in his behalf; and that she could not forgive him for that.

Horse Dunn broke the silence impatiently: "There sure ought to be enough scrapping on this range without hunting up trouble among ourselves. In ordinary times this whole killing case wouldn't amount to a tinker's dam to begin with."

"I'm not so sure," said Old Man Coffee.

Dunn slumped down in his chair and went to growling into his warlike beard: "I don't believe you know any more about it than the rest of us do."

"I'll put it stronger than that: Maybe"—Old Man Coffee made each word separately heard—"someone in this room knows a whole lot more than I know!"

Horse Dunn sat perfectly still, except for his eyes; his head did not raise and no muscle of his face changed, but his eyes whipped to the old lion hunter's face. After a moment he said, "Coffee, that's one remark you're sure going to have to back up."

"I'll say just one thing more: There's scarcely a man in this room that hasn't lied to me at least once, in the little time I've been here."

Horse Dunn sat up slowly, hitching himself square in his chair. "Maybe some of my boys have been a little hazy and loose-spoken about where they've been, and when. No man knows what he's up against here. Take Gil, here—the sheriff mixed him up. And why? Because Gil would try to stand by his side riders even if he knew every last one of 'em was guilty. If you hold that against him, then maybe you know dogs—but you're nuts!"

Old Man Coffee spoke past the pipestem in his teeth. "I suppose that lets you out, too?" He sat looking at Dunn steadily, a little smile on his face.

Horse spread his hands in front of him on the table, as if he would jump across it, and his voice rose like the voice of a bull: "If you say I lied, then name what you mean!"

"To hell with you," Coffee said, without lifting his voice.

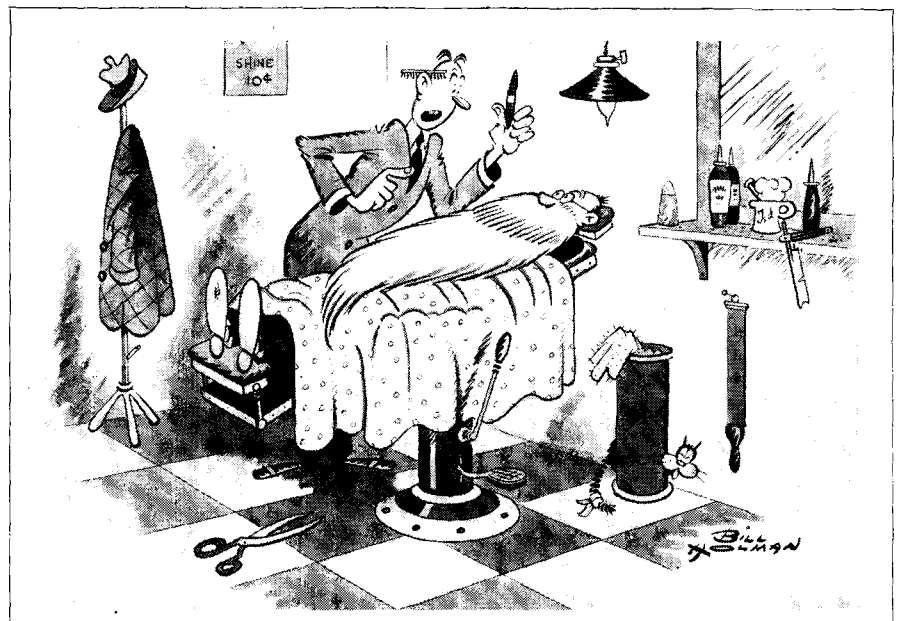
"You'll either back what you said," the outraged Horse Dunn stormed, "or you'll swaller it whole!"

"That I won't do either," Coffee said.

For a moment Horse Dunn stared at him blankly; then he sat down, and the flame went out of his eyes, giving place to something ugly. "I can't stand for that, Coffee," he said. "You know I can't stand for that."

"I can't help that."

"You don't give me any choice," said Horse Dunn thickly. "You sure you want to stick to what you said?"



"Hold this in your mouth—so I'll have something to go by!"
Bill Holman

"Naturally."

"If you don't want to work with me—I've got along all right so far, and I guess I'll be able to go on struggling along. I—"

"Wait," Billy began. "You—"

"Shut up, Wheeler," Coffee said.

"You've acted like you've wanted out of this ever since I got you in it," Dunn clipped out. "All right then—you're out! Send me a bill for what I owe."

Old Man Coffee stood up and stretched himself, a queer smile on his face. "Just send me a check for a million dollars," he said. He sauntered out into the dark.

FOR a few moments after Old Man Coffee had gone out the 94 people sat silent, unable to realize that the old lion hunter was no longer of their number. From beyond in the young night came the blooping of his hounds; they would go and do their blooping elsewhere, now. Billy Wheeler was thinking that it was a sad thing, but perhaps an inevitable one, that these two old men could not have worked together.

"There goes a queer genius," Tulare Callahan said.

Horse Dunn roused himself. "I always heard he was cranky. But now he's gone cracked altogether. I suppose the old fool won't even stay the night; he'll go sleep in the brush somewhere. Well, fair enough! Somebody go catch him his mule."

Two or three of them moved, but Billy Wheeler wanted the job, and he took it. He held a lantern while Coffee saddled his black mule. He knew it was useless to try to get the two old men together again.

Old Man Coffee extended his hand. "Well, so long, son."

"I'm almighty sorry," Wheeler said, "to see you leave this case. You're needed here, if ever a man was."

"Tough," said Old Man Coffee. He swung aboard the black mule and sat looking down at Billy Wheeler from the saddle. "I kind of like you, son. You seem to have a little more savvy than the others. So here's something for you to keep under your hat: I'm not out of this case yet. I'm going to do one more job before I go. I'm going to find the murdered man."

"You think you can?"

"Looks like I might. Horse Dunn—he ain't in on this. He made a fool of me, and himself too, when he got bull-headed and held onto Magoon's saddle. I told him to turn it in to the sheriff—but no; he had to have his own way. This time I'm running no chances. If I find the dead man, my next move will be to take word to the sheriff."

"And then—"

"And then I'm going off in the brush and sleep for a week."

"But look here! Do you realize, if you do that the Inspiration crowd will be holding every card in the deck? Where does the 94 come in?"

"That's your worry. But I'll help you this much: you be up on Lost Whisky Butte tomorrow about an hour after sunup. Tomorrow's going to be my last day's work on this case—I hope. And we'll see what we'll see."

"I'll be there," Wheeler said.

"And don't you bring Horse Dunn—or any of his hired men either. Or, by golly, I'll—"

"Okay."

"And meanwhile—if Horse Dunn or any other brush-faced old pelican wants anything from me, you just tell him to go plumb square to hell!" He raised his hat ironically toward the lighted mess shack and jogged off into the dark, his seven dogs cruising ahead.

WHEN he was gone Billy Wheeler climbed to the top rail of the corral, where he sat despondently eying the horizon stars.

He was trying to account for the vague claims of the old lion hunter: Coffee's opinion that there had been a third man at the Short Creek killing; that the so-called killer's horse had been in the 94 layout within the past twenty-four hours; that Lon Magoon was alive—or at least had not been killed at Short Creek; his accusation, obviously astounding to Horse Dunn himself, that Horse Dunn had lied.

And behind these things in his mind was one question that now stood out more largely than them all: Where was Bob Flagg? To Billy Wheeler it seemed that the appearance of Bob Flagg, and this alone, could give them any chance to extricate the 94 from the trap it was in.

Marian Dunn, he noticed, still stood talking to Val Douglas, lingering outside the door of the ranch-house. In the stillness of the night he could hear the low, continuous murmur of Val's voice, talking steadily—doubtless on his own behalf. And he could see Marian's lowered profile against the yellow light of a window pane. It was curious how every suggested line of that girl, every least bend of her head could move Billy Wheeler, twist him inside. Resolutely he set his mind upon Bob Flagg—the key to the situation, the man whose appearance, if only he could be found, would give them a breathing spell, and a fighting chance.

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What happened then was a strange thing—strange in that Billy Wheeler had almost a forenotice of it. As he sat there alone in the dark he now found himself keenly aware of the peopled layout about him—aware of the exact location of the men in the bunk-house, of the ponies in the corrals. It was a peculiar sensation, as if he were suddenly more awake than before, as awake as a man in a ring battle, or a man in danger.

And especially he was aware of the dark, silent brush country at his back, where buckbrush and desert juniper stood thick behind the corrals. Somewhere out there a twig cracked, and his nerves jerked. Something in that black mile of brush was as awake as he.

THEN abruptly the silence broke, definitely, once for all, as if the night's shell of stillness had cracked.

Behind Marian's shadowed silhouette the window glass itself shattered, as if it had exploded inward; out in the brush sounded the ringing crack of a rifle. Then there was silence and the window against which Marian had stood was empty except for the lamp-lit gleam of its shattered glass.

Wheeler's breath jerked in his throat; he dropped to the ground and raced for the house.

In the dark beside the shattered window Douglas was holding the girl in his arms, and though she clung to him, Wheeler saw that the wagon boss was holding her up. He heard Douglas say, "Are you hurt? Are you—"

Billy Wheeler cried out, "In God's name, Marian—"

Marian's voice said shakily, "I'm all right."

"You hit?"

"No."

"Get a gun!" said Val Douglas crazily. "We was standing here, and somebody took a shot at—"

Wheeler turned and ran for the bunkhouse. Halfway he almost crashed into Tulare Callahan. "What's up?"

"Get the boys out," Wheeler told him. "To hell with saddles, but get ropes and guns. Somebody fired into the layout—we've got to try to stampede over him in the brush."

It is not easy to make good time roping milling horses in the dark. To Wheeler it seemed a long time, filled with fumbling and cursing and the smashing about of night-frightened horses, before Gil, Steve and Tulare started with him into the brush behind the 94 layout, mounted bareback on nervous ponies.

(To be continued next week)

She had to be Good

Continued from page 11

the arts of war. I learned the use of the rifle, the dagger, the lance, the pistol, and the slashing sword before I was sixteen. I learned to ride when I was very young. On the day that the Kazbek raiders captured me I had ridden to the northern boundary of Chekrelia. Undoubtedly they planned to demand a ransom, for that is the way the Kazbeks live, but their plans went haywire when a battalion of Red Russians—"

"Pardon me, lady," Mr. Wallstone interrupted, "but where did you get that word 'haywire'?"

"It was a word that Mr. Leonidas Watt of Ottumwa, Iowa, was very fond of using."

"Is he still living in Iowa?"

"I do not know. I left him and Mrs. Watt in Peking."

"Excuse me just a minute." Mr. Wallstone frowned significantly at his partner and left the conference. In the outer office, to his secretary, "Get the chief of police of Ottumwa, Iowa, on long distance and find out if anybody by the name of Leonidas Watt ever lived in the town. If he did, where is the feller at now? Make it snappy."

Mr. Wallstone rejoined the conference in time to note that the bored skepticism of his chief director's face had given place to a look of admiring interest.

"It was necessary for me to throw the knife some thirty feet," the Princess was explaining. "It was my life—or his. It was a doubtful chance but my aim was true and the soldier gargled his way to hell through the flooding barrier of his own blood."

"Get that, Mell," Mr. Ginsberg admonished. "The little girl put three of them Reds on the spot before midnight."

"Russia is a big country," Mr. Wallstone suggested. "It is hard to confirm these rumors. Confidentially, I ask you, Ginsberg, is there more than one reason why such an athletic burnette should start drowning herself right in the face of one of the leading perducers of Hollywood?"

Epher Ginsberg scowled at the skeptic. "Listen, Mell, so far as I know there is no law in the Constitution of the United States where it says that even a princess should not catch kremps from swimmink in cold water."

The Ginsberg-Wallstone argument lapsed into the peripatetic stage and went on for six minutes up and down the west wall of the big room. With heroic delicacy both parties to the conflict managed to subdue their voices so that the Princess Nila was spared the humiliation of listening to Mr. Wallstone's contribution to the controversy.

The battle was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Wallstone's secretary. "I got the chief of police of Ottumwa, Iowa, on long distance," the secretary confided. "He says that Mr. Leonidas Watt is a wealthy resident of Ottumwa who has been traveling in the Orient for the past two years."

With this announcement Mr. Wallstone surrendered. "Make out a contract," he directed. "Cosmic Productions versus a Jane Doe by the name of Princess Nila Erivan."

Mr. Ginsberg smiled. "Within six months," he said, "we will release a pitcher called The Hills of Heaven that will make all of these hell titles null and void and will put you and me to work rolling in velvet."

Mr. Wallstone groaned. "Six months more of such a life and the velvet I should roll in will be the lining inside of a box with silver-plated handles on the outside, and me smiling for the first time since I went into the motion pitcher business."

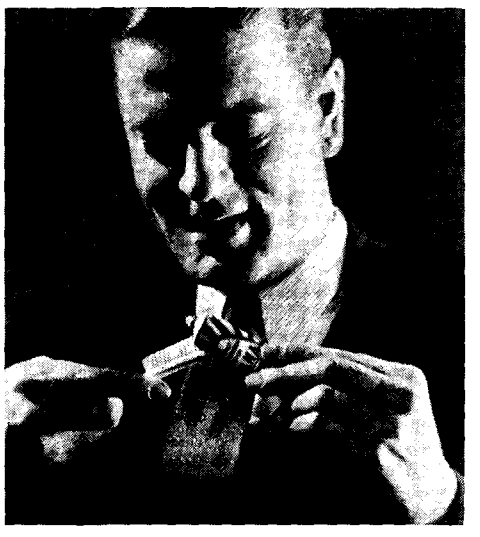
A WEEK after the earthly architects began to add their material contributions to the spiritual structure of The Hills of Heaven all of Hollywood awakened to the fact that Cosmic Productions had copped a hot bet that would click like a carload of dynamite. "It's got everything," invading scouts reported to the envious generals commanding enemy forces. "And the girl is the swellest baby that ever hit Hollywood! Everybody is gossiping about it!"

The right kind of gossip is an asset. Returning from the Chance National Bank Mr. Ginsberg exhibited the first

(Continued on page 38)

Is He Foolish or is he Not?

Careful about the tie he wears, *never thinks of his* TEETH *and* GUMS



Don't lose your sense of proportion. Of *course* you want your ties to look and sit just right. But wouldn't it be wise to give a little more attention to your teeth and gums.

Here are the facts. Science says that because civilized people eat soft-cooked foods, their gums tend to become flabby, soft, and tender. Next step—they're bleeding. You have "pink tooth brush."

And "pink tooth brush" not only dulls the teeth—but it may lead to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even rare pyorrhea. Moreover, it may endanger sound teeth.

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(Continued from page 37)

tangible fruits of Lady Luck's favor to his partner. "Have a look at this bank book," he said to Mell Wallstone. "Thirty thousand I got from George King as easy as rolling down a log. I promised every cent of it would go into advertising The Hills of Heaven. Pay checks is good advertising. We can handle this month's payroll and still have money left."

"How is that film going to end up?" Mr. Wallstone asked. "I am having trouble selling the exhibitors without being able to tell them what the blow-off is."

"You should give out studio secrets! Tell them nothing. As a matter of fact, Mell, the climax is still a mystery so far as I know. Herman is letting the Princess roll her own climax. One thing you can be sure—it will be swell when it comes."

"For why are we keeping all of these high-priced continuity authors pecking away at typewriters if she is writing the film?" Mr. Wallstone inquired.

"That is your business. All I supply is the star and the story. You can chase them writers out with my compliments any moment you feel like it. They are just as super-flooey as the income tax, so far as I am concerned. The Princess is the whole show and everybody in Hollywood knows it, including Mr. George King of the Chance National Bank. He has been in the studio three times watching her do her stuff, while supervising our prosperity."

"So they tell me," Mr. Wallstone agreed. "Did the thought of laying all your eggs in one basket ever occur to you?"

"What are you going to do if one basket is all you got? It is better to lay your eggs in one basket than to go around using the basket to collect rags, bottles and sacks like some of these perducers will have to do before long. With good luck we should hatch these eggs within sixty days and after that when you talk to Mister George King at the Chance National you can blow smoke in his face from a fifty-cent cigar that he should give you."

The scowl on Mr. Wallstone's face deepened. "When was it the last time that anybody ever got out of the Chance National Bank with even so much as a cigar when they got through with George King?"

"You can't blame the feller much. Most of the eggs he has collected lately in Hollywood have been too rotten even for throwing purposes and God knows it is terrible on a banker to be short of ammunition nowadays when every week the pitcher business gives him so many new targets to shoot at."

FROM a series of thirty photographs of young and beautiful actresses, Mrs. Minch Bibbins of Lincoln, Nebraska, identified a portrait of the Princess Nila. "That is the woman," Mrs. Bibbins declared to an assemblage composed of Mr. Ginsberg, Mr. Wallstone and four members of the police department. "I was going along with Alexander, my dog, when I saw the woman walking along within four feet of the curb. All of a sudden a blue roadster stopped and a tall man got out of it. He looked to be thirty years old, but he had a mustache—"

"How was he dressed?"

"He was dressed human like everybody else. He was a desperate-looking young man. There was no talk at all. He simply lifted the woman into the car and that is all I know. He was going north when he passed me and he kept on going north after he kidnapped the woman."

That was the substance of the testimony of the sole eyewitness of the event. The disaster hit the flowering future of Cosmic Productions like a blizzard from the Arctic, and through long, hopeless days the thermometer of its affairs stood way below zero.

Adding insult to injury, it became necessary for the Ginsberg-Wallstone combination to subdue another savage vice-president of the Chance National Bank, who sat at George King's desk while Mr. King flaunted his annual vacation in the face of the hard-working motion picture industry.

WHEN it appeared that The Hills of Heaven had sunk in a sea of troubles, "Why are you groaning, Epher?" Mr. Wallstone asked, sneering at Mr. Ginsberg. "Matters could not be worse; I hope you're satisfied. Have a look at this comedy relief what the new bulldog at the bank just now sent over."

The communication from the bank consisted of a large sheet of paper in the middle of which, inscribed in red ink, was the single word, "NO."

"There, for instance," Mr. Wallstone explained, "is the shortest answer to a love letter that I have yet seen during my entire business career."

Mr. Ginsberg rolled his eyes east, west and straight up after the manner of a dying frog. "In your love letter, Mell, what words did you write?" he inquired.

"For a synopsis of the love letter I told the new bulldog at the Chance National, 'The rose is red, the violet's blue—we got to double what we owe you.' For security I mentioned everything I got together with your poisonal popperty."

Mr. Ginsberg went through an elaborate ceremony of checking up on his optical apparatus. "I still got left, then, my right eye," he remarked bitterly.

Mr. Wallstone nodded his head. "You have, and if you use it careful enough you could see our finish without straining it any. We got one more chance—you got to sell your oil stock for whatever it will bring. I will meet you halfway by selling that railroad I own a thousand shares in. We keep floating for a month more until some exhibitor money—"

"We keep floating until we sink," Mr. Ginsberg amended. "Somebody is bound to find that burnette princess some place and after a good sock on the jaw she goes back to work. We got to finish The Hills of Heaven."

"Or else move into 'em," Mr. Wallstone agreed. "You go over to the bank and have a talk with that new feller. Maybe you can do some good with a poisonal appearance. Promise him anything. He would just as soon have growing pains in the ledger as to become popper of another pitcher company which is like a white elephant on anybody's hands. Look at his inside of it."

The quivering remains of Mr. Ginsberg were routed back to Cosmic Productions ten minutes after he entered the portals of the Chance National.

"Phooey!" he exclaimed, settling into a shapeless mass across the desk from his partner. "Why I come back here, Mell, is more than I know. By rights I should be at this moment on the way to my next of kin in a crate marked 'C. O. D.' What that new bulldog at the Chance National did to me there is a law against in the Constitution under the head of Cruel and Unusual Crimes. He set smilink all the time while I told him the complete inventory of our poisonal poperty and when he quit smilink—Mell, was you ever in an earthquake trimmed with thunder and lightning garnished by dynamite?"

"How much did you get?"

Mr. Ginsberg mopped his brow. "Oil stock, railroad stock, everything you got, everything I got—a measly ten thousand."

"My heavens! I've married you to the flower girl!"

George Shellhase

MR. WALLSTONE nodded approvingly. "For one thing I'll tell the world you're a wizard. For another thing, so am I. By postponing salaries to the bone and by tying a can to them literary authors, we should keep running three weeks on that ten thousand dollars. . . . Maybe we have turned the corner."

"And are now headed straight for bankruptcy," Mr. Ginsberg predicted.

"Three weeks from now the bank might soften up. Remember, Epher, there is a lot of us on the same boat."

"We are on a boat, Mell, I agree; but, as far as you and me is concerned, the boat is a submarine."

At the zero hour three weeks later the bank's verdict was: Not another nickel.

Forthwith in the sanctuary of their private office Mr. Ginsberg and Mr. Wallstone sank into a lodge of sorrow out of which, emerging with his vocabulary unimpaired, the senior partner of Cosmic Productions began a sulphuric tirade against the motion picture business, movie actresses in general and brunette vampires in particular.

"And as for that female snake in human form by name of the Princess Nila that roped me when I was in a sunny daze from them violent rays—"

"Cut the lyrics," interrupted Mr. Wallstone. "You ain't no torch singer!"

"First she should drown me in the water!" Mr. Ginsberg resumed. "Next she should sink me in business! What I wish for her is a Turkish bath of boiling oil like in the early days, Mell, witches was burned to cinders by popular vote in, while bankers was torn bodily into limb after limb—"

The harsh exhaust of a heavy car drawing up to the curb on the street outside of the executive offices of Cosmic Productions exploded in cadence with the Ginsberg fulminations. Mr. Ginsberg scowled at the competition through the Venetian sun shades of his office window and then, "My God, Mell, they've come for us!" he groaned. He wilted, trembling, as he saw two uniformed figures copiously adorned with heavy artillery alight from the driver's seat of a black van. Their bearing proclaimed their ability to get their man.

THE heritage of fear with which a long line of Cossack-ridden ancestors had endowed Mr. Ginsberg deprived him of coherent speech when one of the uniformed men entered his office.

"I'm looking for Mr. Epher Ginsberg in person," the invader announced. "Which one of you gents is him?"

Mr. Wallstone pulled himself together and extended a quivering finger in the general direction of his partner.

The man addressed the wilted chieftain of Cosmic Productions. "I got a shipment for you, Mr. Ginsberg, from the Paris office of the American Express. It's a big chest. Where will you have it?"

Mr. Ginsberg appeared to need a big chest right in front of his backbone. Presently he found strength enough to point out more feasible terminal facilities.

The chest was three feet square and four feet long, made of oak and bound with iron. When the lid was lifted a padded cover of yellow silk concealed the contents. A letter addressed to Mr. Ginsberg lay on the yellow silk.

He opened the letter and forthwith he began an incoherent translation for the benefit of his excited partner. "For God's sake, Mell, she's coming back! She's coming back to work right after they visit her popper and mommer who is Mr. and Mrs. Leonidas Watt!"

"They?" Mell Wallstone exploded. "Is there more than one of them?"

"She's married a husband! They've been on a honeymoon to Chekrelia and who do you suppose she eloped with?"

"You should spend my time supposing at a moment like this!"

"She eloped with George King of the Chance National! He's the feller that kidnapped her! They've been on a honeymoon to Chekrelia and she says all the jeweled daggers and gold-emboidered costumes in this chest is for the last shots in the pitcher. Talk about a princess—she's a queen of the first water!"

"What was that about a hot bath of boiling oil—"

"Never mind about the boiling oil. Give this express feller a four-bit cigar and charge it to the Chance National. Yesterday we was orphans at that bank, but from now on we tell them the bedtime story about the wolf."

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Gallows of Chance

Continued from page 19

every now and then upon the pavement, would notice that the lights had been turned down. He wondered . . .

"For the second time—where is the key?" the voice barked out.

"How the devil should I know?" Pank protested. "And what would you think of me, I wonder, if I told you? Shoot if you want to and get it over. There are plenty more dangerous men at the Yard than I."

"For the third time, Pank—where is the key? Remember Grimmett this afternoon. We keep our word."

There was menace, steel-like and convincing, in that deep voice, Pank thought. He sprang desperately forward at the immovable, mocking figure. There was a sheet of flame, a muffled report, a sharp pain in his shoulder. Who said the room was dark? There were lights all round him, flaming lights. No, that was fancy. His brain had lit the lamps. His fancy had triumphed for a moment. He was going down, sinking somewhere. The shapeless body a few feet away was moving towards him. His brain was working in earnest now. Softly he relaxed his limbs. He crumpled up face downward upon the floor. He heard the quick breathing of the man leaning over him. He knew, as surely as though he could read the thoughts forming in the brain of that stooping figure, that he was hesitating whether to shoot again.

Pank choked the groan which nearly escaped from his lips. He lay motionless. In a few seconds he heard the other's retreating footsteps. He heard the door open. A moment later the front door opened and closed. . . .

"What was that?" Colonel Matterson asked in the drawing-room upstairs.

"It was either a door slamming or a gun," Sir Humphrey replied, springing to his feet.

"Worse than that," Matterson groaned, leading the way towards the door. "It was one of those new automatics with a silencer. They were testing them for us last week. Keep back, Sir Humphrey, this is my job, not yours."

Nevertheless, they both reached the library about the same moment. It was Sir Humphrey's fingers which found the switch first and turned on the lights. Pank was lying there all doubled up, a motionless, pathetic figure. Otherwise the room was empty.

ADRIENNE, the very smartest of French maids, in her neat black frock and white collar and cuffs, came swiftly but noiselessly across the great hall of Keynsham House in Grosvenor Square, as Rossiter was handing his coat and hat to a footman.

"Her ladyship is in her small sitting-room, Sir Humphrey," she announced. "May I take you there?"

Sir Humphrey nodded and followed his guide to a room cut off from the main reception apartments by a broad and heavily carpeted corridor. Louise welcomed him with a little cry of pleasure. She gave him her hands, but her eyes watched his anxiously.

"So you have come to see me at last," she said, as she led him to a comfortable chair, "and I am not feeling at all flattered."

"Why not?" he asked. "I am a very busy man."

"I know that," she answered, "but I feel that you have only come because you want something."

"Quite right," he assented. "I do."

She sank into a chair by his side.

"I hear that terrible things keep on happening," she said sadly.

"Inexplicable things," her visitor admitted. "However, my friends at Scotland Yard assure me that we are within sight of the end now."

"Is it true," she asked, "that the detective who has been doing so well was shot the other night at your house?"

Sir Humphrey stroked his chin and looked at her thoughtfully.

"How did you hear that?"

"No questions, please," she begged. "Just tell me whether it is true."

"He was shot all right," Sir Humphrey confessed, "but he had a remarkable stroke of luck. He crouched down when he realized what was happening, and he merely got a flesh wound on the top of the shoulder."

"Oh, I am glad," she declared, with only a half-stifled sob of relief.

"So am I," Rossiter agreed. "The fellow meant murder right enough, but as it happens Pank is not seriously hurt. He wouldn't even stay in a hospital. He is at the Yard again today. Now, shall I tell you what I came for?"

"Don't hurry," she pleaded. "It's such a relief to have you here to talk to, and perhaps you will want to go away as soon as you have told me."

HE TOOK her hand with an instinctively protective gesture.

"Louise, my dear," he said, "don't ever forget that I am your friend."

"It's a comfort to hear you say that," she acknowledged, smiling at him. "At one time I used to believe it. Lately, well, of course since these terrible things have been happening one knows nothing. I have tried so hard, but what can one do?"

Her eyes had wandered away from him and he found himself studying her profile. She was leaning forward, gazing absently into the fire, beautiful in a new and remote sort of way, with her colorless complexion and her deep, beringed blue eyes. He felt an added dislike for his errand, or rather the cause of it, when he saw their sudden bedimming, the slow forming of tears.

"I have been so sorry for you, Humphrey, and so worried—more than worried. I have been distracted."

She sat for a moment nervously twisting and untwisting her fingers. Rossiter took one of her hands into his and held it tightly.

"Louise," he said, "I don't, I can't believe that there is not some explanation for Edward's extraordinary behavior lately, but we have come to the point where we must face one fact: Edward is definitely concerned in these recent disgraceful happenings. The time has come when Scotland Yard is bound to take note of the fact. I have stopped their issuing a warrant, but only on condition that he appears and submits himself to examination. I have come to ask you where he is."

"Thank God, I don't know," she declared fervently.

Sir Humphrey was silent for a moment.

"You have no idea?"

"Yes, I have an idea," she admitted. "I think he flew back to France in the plane he keeps at Keynsham, last Monday. I expect him home almost at once. I'm sure that he is coming back."

"Well, that's something, at any rate," Sir Humphrey muttered.

"He went back to France full of determination," Louise continued. "And here is some more news for you: He has promised that on his return he will tell me everything. Give him the chance! I am perfectly certain of one thing—he

(Continued on page 40*)*

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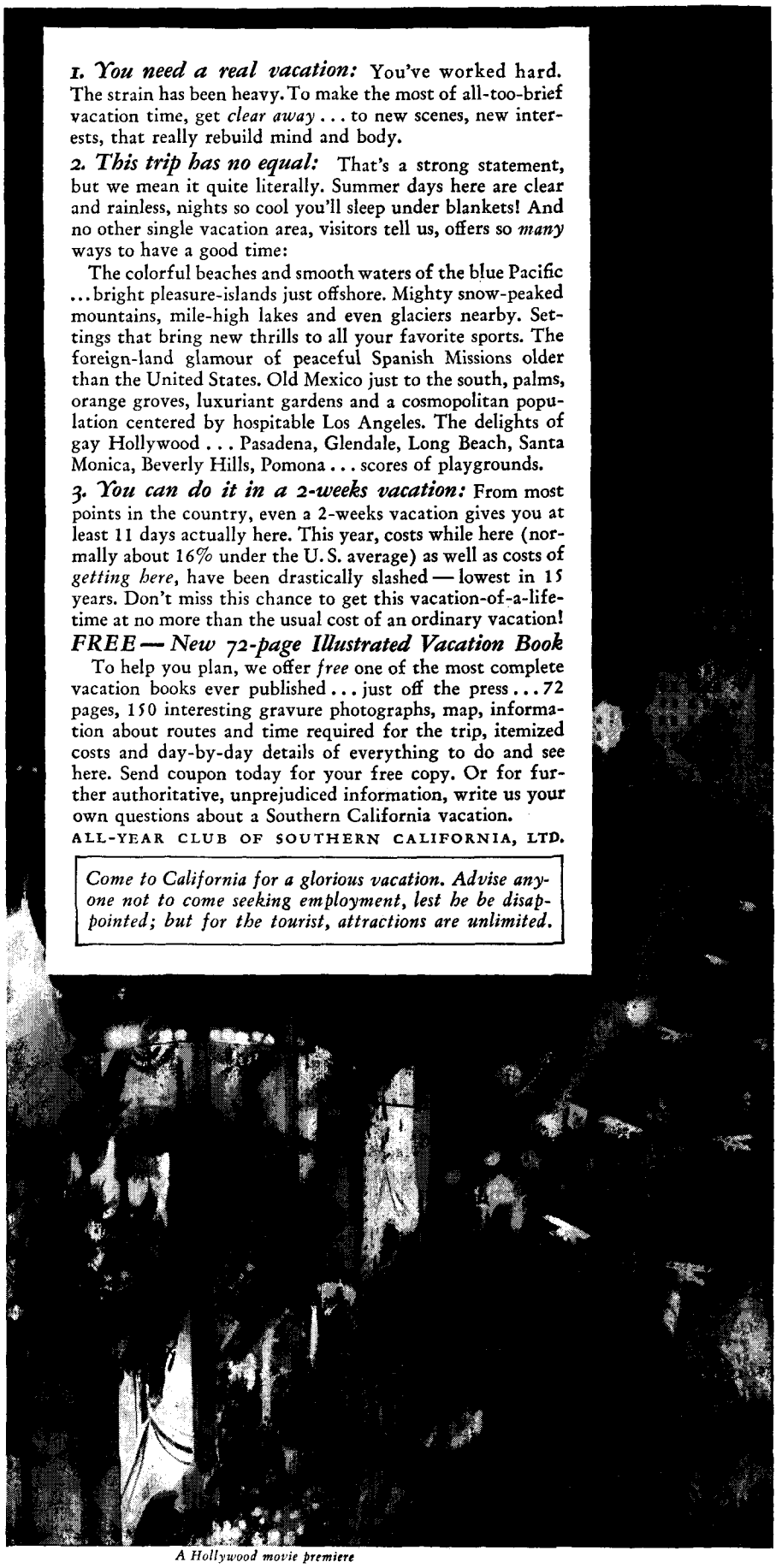

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(Continued from page 39)

means at all risks to break up this business. He can do it better than the police, whatever it is."

A servant entered with a tea tray—perhaps to both of them a somewhat welcome interruption. Sir Humphrey ate muffins, drank rare China tea with an appreciative air, and talked of lighter subjects. Just as the inevitable resumption of their discussion seemed imminent Adrienne made quiet entrance. She carried a telegram upon a small salver and presented it to Lady Louise, who waved her away.

"I will send a reply if there is one," the former said.

Louise opened the dispatch after a glance at Sir Humphrey, read it eagerly, then passed the form to him. It was from a small town in the southwest of France:

PLEASE DO YOUR UTMOST INDUCE HUMPHREY TAKE NO ACTION OF ANY SORT UNTIL MONDAY STOP I UNDERTAKE IF ALIVE TO PRESENT MYSELF IN LONDON ON THAT DAY LOVE EDWARD

" 'Take no action of any sort,' " Humphrey repeated thoughtfully. "I suppose he means he doesn't want me to use the key."

She shook her head.

"I know nothing about that," she said, "but I do believe in Edward and I know that he is desperately in earnest. Please do as he asks, Humphrey."

She came to him appealingly. He took her into his arms, smoothed her hair for a moment and kissed her on both cheeks. Then—

"My dear," he said, as he prepared to leave, "I am not at all sure that I am a very good Home Secretary."

THERE were five men seated at the round table in the magnificent dining-room of the Château de Lusigny, an ancient palace in the heart of the rich wine-growing country near Bordeaux.

"What time does the boat sail?" Van Pleyden asked a little abruptly.

"At any hour you wish, my friend," his host, the Marquis de Lusigny, replied. "All is prepared. It is not luxury that one can offer but it is at least safety. Also there is three million dollars' worth of the finest cargo on board that ever left the port."

"Badly wanted, to judge from my cable advices," Lord Edward Keynsham remarked, with a smile.

"Let's get down to business," a middle-aged man, with the square jaw and keen eyes of an American, remarked from de Lusigny's side. "We have met here, I take it, for a final conference."

"That is so," Keynsham agreed. "We have to come to a decision. We can't play about with the matter any longer. Marquis, and you all, gentlemen, have I your permission as chairman of our syndicate to run over the facts once more before I make my appeal to you?"

"It would be a gracious act," the marquis said politely. "We, at any rate, have time to spare."

"Not sure we don't talk too much," the American whose name was Bowman muttered. "We wasted most of our time in London talking. Will Meadows was the only one who went for the goods."

"Precisely," Keynsham interrupted, "and Will Meadows found out that American methods don't go over here. Dick Van Pleyden, although he had a narrow escape, is beginning to realize that, too. That's why I want you all to listen to me so carefully. I can show you the only way to safety. If you take my advice—and remember, after all, I am the head of our organization—we will pull through. If you insist upon hiring more of these outside ruffians and going back yourselves to London to start a riot, I tell you frankly you are going to lose. There is no question of one of us going against the others. I and anyone else who might disapprove will simply stay idle and wait for what is coming, but we shall know all the time that we are done for."

"Gentlemen," the marquis pleaded, "I am an original member of the organization. I consider that it was Lord Edward and I who started our wonderful syndicate. I claim, therefore, to speak with authority. I have never hesitated to use any means to gain my end, and I have stood shoulder to shoulder with all of you when the time came to fight, but this, I say, is not the time. Let us listen attentively to our chief."

A MAN who was seated by Van Pleyden's side yawned. He was dressed in rough tweeds, good-looking, although his tired eyes rather contradicted his air of youth. His name was Sam Clowes, and it was only a few years since he had been the most favored bachelor in New York society.

"Let's hear what Keynsham proposes," he suggested. "We all want the same thing, so that we can sleep at night in our beds. If Keynsham can show us how to get it, that's all we want."

"I may be a little retrospective," Keynsham began. "That I cannot help. I want to remind you of the time when Lusigny and I, Sam Clowes and Bowman here, came together in New York the year after the war."

"If we speak of those days," the marquis interrupted, "we will drink my Château Mouton Rothschild 1906. A flask is awaiting us."

He clapped his hands. A *maître d'hôtel* appeared almost immediately. In response to a whispered order he swept the glasses from the table, replaced them with new ones, and produced a curiously shaped decanter, from which he poured a wine which seemed to have the faint perfume and color of violets. The marquis smelled his glass anxiously and nodded approval. Lord Edward continued:

"We were all practically on the lookout for adventure. The spirit of the war was still in our blood. We wanted to fight. I am studying how to make my résumé as brief as possible and I need not go into details. We four—Bowman, you, Marquis, and you, Sam, started one of the first—I hate the other word, so I shall call it—illegal wine and spirit merchants' businesses in the States.

"Sam found most of the capital. I was able to give something which was even more important—the clientèle and procedure of one of the oldest established wine merchants in the world, with steamers of their own which had been used to carry wine and bring back dried fruits, and a far-reaching connection. Presently, Van Pleyden joined us—we needed more fighting men in those days—and later on Will Meadows and his brother Tom. Bowman here was with us from the first, but he did not sign on as one of the organization until later. I won't dwell upon our success. It has been fabulous. But—there's always a but—we had to fight for it."

"Nothing arrives in this world without fighting," the marquis murmured.

"I am not attempting an apologia," Keynsham went on. "We all understand one another. We had to fight and sometimes we had to kill, but there's not one of us until this visit to England who ever killed in cold blood. What I want to point out, gentlemen, is that every one of these fights—and we had many others in which extremes did not happen—were honest-to-God fights with as much right on one side as on the other. The only time we were really trapped by the police without any dirty work, and the police came without guns, we parted with the stuff without a blow. The world can call us what they like—pirates, freebooters, anything you please, but we played the game."

"I interrupt our dear friend for one moment," the marquis said, holding his glass in his hand, "to beg your appreciation of this marvelous wine. I want you, while you drink, to think about it. Presently, there is a Léoville of even more ancient vintage. That, I am afraid, for those who sail tonight may be our stirrup cup."

There was a little murmur of praise for the wine, which they sipped almost reverently. They all loved the marquis and they knew his one hobby in life.

"Some years after we had started," Lord Edward went on, "Brandt joined us, and the two Meadowses. Brandt had not been with us a month before he was up against Commissioner Dane. We have to take Brandt's word for what happened. According to him he had stuffed the commissioner's pockets three times, but the man got more rapacious every month. Very well. I agree, if that was so, that Dane had to go—and Dane went.

"The Meadowses, as you know, joined the organization while I was yachting in the East, and I know less about them than anyone. This I do know, however: they were hot-headed and nervous at the same time. They refused advice and very often disobeyed actual instructions. They were impossible to handle in London, and they did the most foolish thing they could possibly have attempted when they tried to raid Grimmett's and killed the manager. That was a crime in cold blood, differing from any we have ever committed. It may have been that they were more anxious to get at our records than we have been. They certainly had more cause, but they were always killers. Anyhow, it seemed to dawn on them at the last minute that London was not New York, and they dropped out. They must be back in the States by now, and safe, I should think."

VAN PLEYDEN fidgeted nervously in his chair.

"Well," he intervened, "this is an interesting chat of yours, Keynsham, but what's it leading to? You have got us all down here. That's all right. You seem to be in the know, and I dare say they were getting wise to us in London, but you don't suppose Sam here and I—or Bowman, either, for the matter of that—are very anxious to board this steamer tonight and go back to New York, leaving that safe of ours to be opened by an English Cabinet minister."

"We are all in the same boat," Keynsham said gravely, "and let me tell you this—because it is the truth—I never liked Brandt and he never liked me. He was not a man to be trusted. He didn't understand our code of honor. He didn't understand my personal code. He knew that for years I have admired his wife. I don't need to tell you that he had no cause for real jealousy in that. No woman could have lived with Brandt and have continued to feel any affection for him. On the other hand, she and I, though we met sometimes, met absolutely as friends and nothing more.

"For some reason or other Brandt believed that he would find me in his house that Sunday he returned. He didn't. There was never any question of my being there. He found that poor little actor fellow, engaged in a perfectly harmless discussion with his wife on business matters, and he killed him. He was a foul-tempered, evil-thinking fellow, and I say that although he's dead. . . . You know what that meant to us—Brandt being locked up. It was

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his year for taking charge of our safe—we had taken it in turn for years, and there had never been any trouble. Three times I tried to obtain an interview with Brandt to get the key. He refused to see me.

"Three days before he was hanged, with all the influence I could command, I did everything I could to approach him. He still refused to see me. His dying act was the most sinister, the most unsportsmanlike, the most vicious thing possible. He sent that key to the Home Secretary on pretense of making him executor for his wife. That's how the key came into Sir Humphrey's possession. That is where, for the first time since we started the most amazing enterprise this generation has known, we find ourselves in danger—in real and terrible danger."

"I HAD my hands on the fellow's throat once," Van Pleyden muttered. "If we hadn't been interrupted he would have told the truth."

"Probabilities or possibilities are off," Keynsham pointed out. "That key is now beyond our reach. The only way of attempting even to gain possession of it would be by means of a series of cold-blooded murders. That does not come into our scheme. It never has come into our scheme. It never shall."

"What are we to do, then?" Sam Clowes drawled. "Sit down and wait for what's coming to us?"

"Nothing of the sort," Keynsham rejoined. "What you have got to do is to accept the inevitable and trust in me. I want you, Bowman, and you, Sam, and you, Van Pleyden, to clear off by that boat tonight. I want the marquis to remain here quietly, where he spends most of his time, on his own estates. I have a plane at the airdrome here, and I shall leave tonight for Le Bourget and cross over, if I can, at dawn. I shall be in London tomorrow, and I promise you that if there are any means in this world, short of murder, of obtaining that key or of getting our records back, I will adopt them. I have ideas. I have something to go on, because Katherine Brandt, when she knows the whole truth, will be on our side. All that we have to do is to see that the Home Secretary does not turn that key. If it can be done I shall do it."

The marquis clapped his hands. There were more glasses, and a strange little silence, during which the butler served wine from another flask thick with dust and cobwebs. They sipped it thoughtfully—the marquis' head thrown back, his eyes closed, his rather prominent Adam's apple protruding, his expression that of a man indulging in a reverent orgy of appreciation.

"It is divine," he pronounced. "There is nothing else like it in the world. The Mouton Rothschild was a wine for the gods; this is a wine for us. . . . Gentlemen, I propose that we leave our business in the hands of Lord Edward Keynsham. He has been the presiding genius of our organization, he has seen us all restored to fortune and great wealth under his beneficent guidance. Now that trouble has come we should be fools indeed if we did not trust in him."

"I'm with you," Van Pleyden assented. "We will abandon any further campaign in London and leave the matter in your hands. I will sail tonight with Sam and Bowman. This fruit-carrying craft of ours, Marquis, I presume has wireless?"

"Naturally," the latter agreed. "The best and finest installation."

"We leave then," Van Pleyden continued, "on the understanding that if Keynsham should fail we are permitted to alter the destination of the steamer. I know a place where we should be safe for a time until we could hear from England and know how to make our plans."

"It is agreed," Keynsham declared. "I shall leave for England myself in an hour or so. I only regret," he added, "our forthcoming disruption. Against treachery from any living person we were prepared and insured. Against the dead ours must be a more subtle fight. If the marquis will lend me a car I will go and see how my mechanic is getting on. The sooner I am back in London the better."

THEY all trooped out to see him off, wrung his hand and watched the car depart down the long ribbon of road, a straight line through the far-spreading plain of vines.

"A great leader of a mighty enterprise," the marquis murmured, a note of admiration in his tone. "He kept the spirit of warfare alight in us and filled our pockets."

"A fine fellow," Van Pleyden agreed. "All the same, I'm glad that it is he who is going back to beard that old Johnny and not I!"

(To be concluded next week)

Hero Number Three

Continued from page 15

he was about it, then held the bottle against the light and inspected the contents. He felt a little disturbed. He felt disturbed because he was annoyed, more than usual. He had been over forty years in the Islands. He had seen men die. He had several times very nearly died himself. He was tough. Hard. He had seen many things. He had seen ships at sea before with plague or the cholera on board. And he knew what it meant.

"Damned fools!" he said sourly and, scowling, started for'ard again. As he walked along by the rail he caught the murmur of voices, passionate and protesting, coming from the mate's cabin.

". . . what'll she do?" he heard the second mate saying. "You married her and you ought to think of her. You've got two babies. It's an even break you'll go under on that damned ship. I've nothing to worry about. Let me take her."

"It's not your job," the mate answered shortly. "Give me a hand to pack."

"You've done enough for me!" blared the second mate. "It's my turn."

"Listen," said the mate. There was a brief pause. "Listen, you idiot. It's my job. And I'm going."

"You ought to think of your family."

"Let's not talk of that."

"Well, think of me, then. It's my chance. If I get that pest hulk into Samarai I'm made." Even Captain Slocum knew that wasn't what the second mate was worrying about. The mate swore.

"You've just got over one dose of fever. A fat chance you stand. . . . Now shut up!"

"You're not going and that's flat. . . . If you do go I'll go with you. It's too much for one man anyway."

The mate laughed. "I can see old Slocum letting us both go."

On the poop above, Captain Slocum uttered a stifled but vitriolic oath. Old, was he?

"You think you're smart, don't you?" said the second mate bitterly.

"Not smart, young 'un," answered the other. "Just your superior officer and a lot older. And if you don't shut up I'll whang you on the nose."

THERE was a long pause. And when the second mate spoke again he seemed resigned: "All right, then. Have it your own way. I'll get you a drink before you go."

Captain Slocum leaned on the rail and spat deliberately. It made him sick! He heard the mate hauling his sea chest around and then the second mate came on the scene. "Here you are. A shot of whisky'll help."

"Where's yours?"

"Aw, I ain't drinking."

"Here's luck then."

"Luck," said the second mate, his voice curiously excited. The mate smacked his lips.

"That's good! . . . Now give me a hand with this chest."

They apparently had some trouble with the chest. Then the mate coughed.

"Say," he began uncertainly. "Say . . . what did you put in that drink?"

The second mate said nothing. There was a short silence and the mate coughed again.

"You little devil . . . trying to dope me. . . ."

The second mate laughed.

"You better sit down. Them knock-out drops work quick. I'll see you in Samarai."

"No, you don't!" spat the mate suddenly. "You're not putting anything over like that. . . ."

There was the sound of a brief scuffle, a sharp cry, the thud of a blow and a heavy fall. Captain Slocum turned from the rail, cursing viciously, and strode briskly to the main cabin scuttle.

"What's up?" demanded the planter at the sight of his face.

"I am!" choked Captain Slocum. He looked very much like an angry wasp. "I'm fed up!"

He disappeared down the companion and halted in the main cabin. Just inside the doorway of the mate's room the second mate was lying, a bruise slowly darkening on one side of his jaw. The mate was standing over him, a dazed expression on his face.

"Trying to stage a mutiny . . . the darned kid," he muttered. "Wanted to go. . . ." He coughed, pulled himself together for a moment. "Sling me in the boat and let them pull me over," he choked. "I'll be all right."

He collapsed suddenly and Captain Slocum glared. He had no patience with such nonsense. He had no patience with anything.

"Bah!" he said. He went to his desk, procured a revolver and a box of cartridges and stuffed them in his pocket. He knew what plague ships were like. He went back up the companion without another glance at his two unconscious mates. The planter met him.

"What's wrong now?" he demanded.

"Nothing!" roared Captain Slocum. "Tell that blasted mate of mine to handle the Alan Adair. I'll see him in Samarai!"

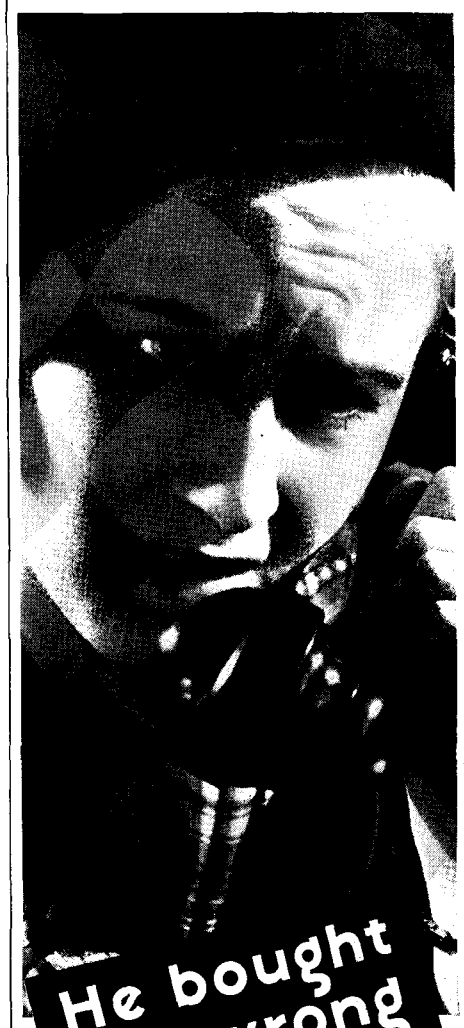
The planter was too astonished to speak for a moment. Then suddenly he got the idea.

"Say, listen!" he protested. "What the devil are *you* taking her for?"

Captain Slocum turned for a moment and glared at him.

"What in hell's it got to do with you?" he exploded. "I'm sick of it, that's all! But if you must know," he snarled, "I had a brother myself once!"

"I don't think we can make it NOW"



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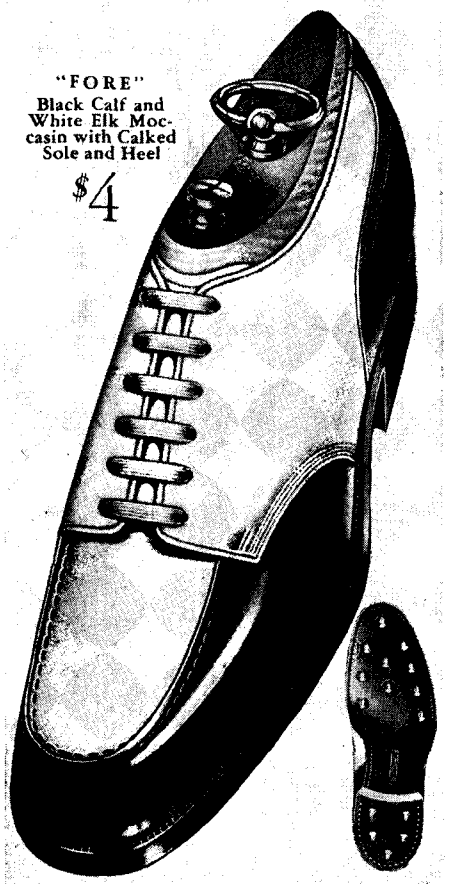

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Monarch in Waiting

Continued from page 28

who visited him at Detroit a short time ago and has been giving lectures on America since his return to Germany. But I can't go. You see I am altogether too busy."

By this time I had been shown dozens of horses, scores of cattle, whole platoons of pigs, battalions of lambs. I had been asked to admire a gigantic ox, a regular patriarch, twenty years old or thereabouts, who blinked at us patriarchically, as if human beings were incidents, annoying but inevitable, in his well-ordered life. I had seen two enormous bearded goats moving about between groups of yearling lambs as if they owned everything in sight.

"Mascots," explained the prince. "There is a superstition in the country districts of Germany that, if you have goats scattered about among your other livestock, they will keep all the other animals in good health."

Outside the lamb-plus-goat department we stood for a moment, in spite of the biting late-afternoon cold, gazing at the broad expanse of the Schildberg domain, stretching away toward the horizon in all directions—grain fields, vegetable fields, broad pastures, and tracts of valuable forest, peopled by tall and venerable trees.

The prince said that, counting in everything, Schildberg comprised 22,000 *Morgens* (one *Morgen* is about three fifths of an acre).

Royalty Amid Simplicity

But like other big German estates it does not make profits, owing to the very bad agricultural situation in present-day Germany. Huge as their possessions still are, they are far smaller than in pre-war days, before the republican government of Germany went to law with the Hohenzollerns, and insisted on examining the titles under which they held their estates and taking away from the family a big slice of their holdings, under a court ruling that it was national and not personal property. Young Prince Wilhelm Friedrich is not worrying about this reverse in the family fortunes.

"We lost, among other things, a number of big palaces," he said. "Wilhelmshöhe, near Cassel, was one of them, and Bellevue, in Berlin, was another. They were very hard to keep up. You have no idea how difficult it was to heat them, for instance. Why, at Cecilienhof, in Potsdam, where my parents are living, which is not big at all, we have trouble enough with the heating, and, as for places like Wilhelmshöhe and Bellevue—" the prince spread out his hands in a most expressive gesture, one that implied that, in his past, there had been shivery, curse-laden nights.

Which brought up the subject of hot coffee. It was decided, after consultation, that hot coffee was preferable to further exploration of Schildberg. So we turned our back on health-bringing goats, on wallowing pigs and ruminating cows, and returned to the Schloss.

In the big, old-fashioned dining-room, behind tall windows commanding fine views of Schildberg's broad acres, we sat down to afternoon coffee. There were five of us—the prince, the administrator of the estate, the housekeeper, the Berliner and myself. No servants hovered about. Only the housekeeper had been present when we entered the room—she had bowed, first to the prince, then to the rest of us, set coffee and bread and marmalade on the table, and, having taken her place next to the administrator, she had joined us men in handing around cups and sugar and butter, amid polite bows and constant exclamations of *"Bitte sehr!"* and *"Danke schön!"*

It was all quite simple—and rather disconcerting to one who had supposed that scions of royalty were unable to breathe unless surrounded by courtiers in knee breeches, and flunkies in powdered wigs, and gold and silver dishes and all sorts of assorted pomp and circumstance.

And now, also, our talk never even approached the question of whether Germany was likely to become a monarchy again. Not so many miles away, not so many hours before, in Berlin, that question had obtruded itself constantly into conversation. Nobody had felt that the return of monarchy was imminent—nobody could put his finger on anything tangible in the way of plans for its restoration—but there was, nevertheless, a steady undercurrent of rumor and surmise, showing clearly what a precarious structure the German republic is, and how deeply ingrained in the German soul is the monarchistic tradition.

But, as Prince Wilhelm sat drinking his coffee out at Schildberg and politely handing around butter and marmalade to his guests, such matters seemed remote from his thoughts. Cows, not crises. Pigs, not politics.

And student days. From the moment that my Berlin friend and I had made the acquaintance of Prince Wilhelm we had wanted to ask him the meaning of two scars on his face—one of them a really prominent scar, cutting across his left cheek from under the ear almost to the corner of the mouth.

Could they have been inflicted in one of those duels for which German universities are so far-famed? Soon we had a chance to gratify our curiosity. The talk turned to the prince's years as a student at the renowned University of Bonn, of which, like his grandfather, Wilhelm II, and his father, he is a graduate. My Berlin friend had also studied at Bonn University—and he promptly asked:

"Did your Royal Highness get those scars in a student duel?"

"Yes."

"But when I was at Bonn, royal princes were not allowed to take part in duels. Has that been changed?"

"It has," answered the prince, with an air of great satisfaction. "It was changed during the time that I was at Bonn. You see, I did not like the idea that there should be any difference between a prince and the rest of the students. If they could engage in duels, a *Mensur*, why not I?"

After we had finished our coffee, the administrator of the Schildberg estate and the housekeeper disappeared to resume their duties, leaving my Berlin friend and me to sit with the prince in one of the big front rooms of the Schloss. On the wall was a radio—strangely out of place in that room.

A Prince Looks at a Republic

"Do you listen to the political speeches over the radio?" the prince was asked. He made an impatient gesture.

"Oh, yes, even out here at Schildberg the radio brings us speeches by the Chancellor and others," he laughed. "Politics gets in everywhere!" This brought to his mind the effort that the German government has been making to lessen unemployment by employing large numbers of the jobless on big public works. The prince thought that a very good idea.

"It brings together many people from different classes," he said, "and gets them acquainted with one another. This is most beneficial in these times. It improves the morale of the workers."

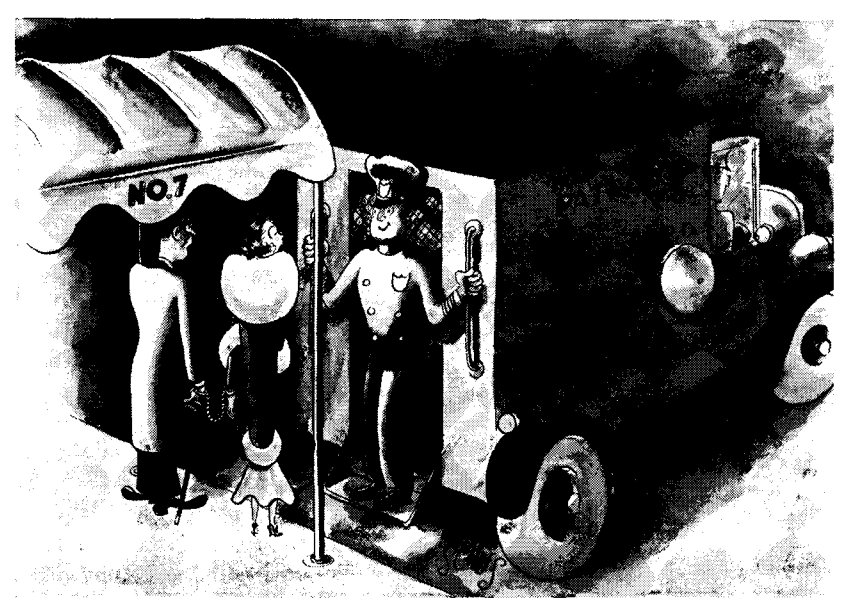
And here it was that he made his only direct allusion to German politics:

"It seems to me that party government is no longer possible in Germany," he declared. "Government here should be outside of party limitations. Party government belongs to the past."

By this time it was quite dark, so we made our farewells. Out in the hall the prince helped us with our overcoats. Once more scornful of the cold winter air, he stepped into the open, hatless and coatless, and busied himself giving careful instructions to our chauffeur as to the best way to get back to Berlin.

"First, you drive straight ahead to Freienwalde," he explained, "and then you—" The heads of the two men drew close together in earnest communion.

Off we drove into the night. The last we saw of Prince Wilhelm of Prussia he was standing in the road waving his hands and shouting, *"Auf Wiedersehen!* Come again!" Not one's idea at all of a Hohenzollern.



"We're overloaded now. You'll have to take a taxi!" *Adolph Schus*

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Too Many Miles

Continued from page 17

car greased the day that he got killed, and he had went forty-seven miles afterward, and thirty-one of them miles we don't know where he went. But we don't know what time of day the greasing was done."

"Would it do any good to know that?"

"I guess not. I'd just like to know it."

We went to several garages near where Mawson had lived, and at the fourth one we found the mechanic who had greased the car.

"What time was that, buddy?" O'Malley asked him.

"Just before dinner, brother."

"Did he say anything else about it?"

"Sure. He said grease the car and take it to his house and leave it. I done that."

"Say anything more?"

"Sure. Said check the car all over and see that it was right because he was taking a long drive."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Sure. Said he was going to Boston."

"IT'S a strange thing," I observed, "if he was going to Boston, that he didn't tell his wife."

"She was upset and it might be she forgot about it. Well, there's no use working on this case, because them smart Queensborough officers have beat us to it. So I guess I'll take in a picture show."

We separated.

"This Mawson," he said, the next time I met him, "drove plenty places looking after his trucks. He drove to New Jersey and to Philadelphia and sometimes to Boston. This time he drove out on Long Island and he never come back. But he drove too many miles."

"You don't know where he went before he got killed."

"You're getting smarter than you used to be, but I'd like to know where he done all that mileage."

We drove out on Long Island to where Mawson's car was found.

"Notice how far we go," O'Malley directed as we started on again.

We went north across the island. At College Point we took the ferry to The Bronx. From there we drove into Westchester and made a circuit and came back to Manhattan, but we didn't stop anywhere till we got where Mawson lived.

"How far?" O'Malley asked.

"It happens," I replied sarcastically, "that we have traveled just about forty-seven miles, but if that has anything to do with this case I'm a Dutchman."

"Yeah? We'll ask Mrs. Mawson."

But we didn't ask Mrs. Mawson. There was a nurse there who said the doctor had left orders that no one was to see Mrs. Mawson without his permission. The doctor would be there that evening.

We called up Doctor Landol's office, but he wasn't in; and then O'Malley called headquarters, but I didn't hear what he said to them.

"I didn't see no picture yesterday," he said, "because I thought of something else to do. We might see one now because we got plenty time."

We saw a picture. Afterward we went to headquarters but we merely loafed around. Then a uniformed cop and a plain-clothes man from Westchester came in with some new rope and some small pieces of glass sealed in an envelope.

"The guy's oculist," the plain-clothes man said, "says this glass is the same prescription that he gave him."

We went back to the Mawsons' but Dr. Landol told us Mrs. Mawson was too nervous to see anybody. O'Malley didn't seem to mind.

"You're a smart guy, Doc," he told the doctor, "but I guess we got to take you to the station-house for murder."

Landol tried to close the door on us but O'Malley had his foot in it. The doctor didn't say anything after we had forced our way in; he just went and got his hat and coat.

"Does Landol live in Westchester, O'Malley?" I asked a half hour later.

"You got it."

"But what had the bootleggers to do with it?"

"Are you that dumb? Not anything, and that guy D'Angelino didn't neither. This Dr. Landol and Mrs. Mawson was what they call 'too friendly.' She is young and kind of gay and the doc is a young guy too, and Mawson was out of town a lot. It seems Mawson found out about 'em. He had to go to Boston and he thought Landol would go to his wife, so he stopped to settle things with Landol and they had trouble to the point where Landol shot him.

"Mawson had plenty shady people renting his trucks that might have knocked him off, and Landol figured to make it look like it was one of them that done it, so as to keep himself and Mrs. Mawson out of it. He done Mawson up with rope like gangsters might have, and he put him in Mawson's car and took him to Long Island, and he pushed him out in Jamaica Bay and then he ditched the car. Afterward he come to town and told Mrs. Mawson. I guess they thought it would be safer if she didn't tell Mawson was going to Boston, because to get to Boston he would have to go through Westchester."

"All right," I said, "but how did you find this out?"

"Why, it looked to me Mawson's car had went too many miles if he was just going to see someone on Long Island. Then the guy in the garage said Mawson started for Boston. I found out where Landol lived, and we drove from where the car was found, past Landol's place, and back to Mawson's, and it made just the right distance. So I called headquarters and they had some Westchester cops search Landol's home and they found rope there like Mawson had been tied with. When Mawson got shot it broke his eyeglasses. I figure Landol picked up what pieces of glass he could find, but he was in a hurry and he missed some of 'em. The Westchester cops found those in Landol's living-room, because I'd said they was to look for 'em, and some of 'em was big enough so that Mawson's oculist could say it was the same prescription he had given Mawson."

"ALL very neat!" I stated, "but your explanation doesn't hold together because everything you did presupposes that you realized all along that it wasn't a gangster killed Mawson and suspected Landol might have done it; and you had no way of knowing that."

"Yeah? How about them knots Mawson was tied up with?"

"You said they didn't mean anything to you," I accused him indignantly.

"Sure they didn't. That's why I had to find out about 'em. I asked around, and it turned out they was surgeon's knots, the kind that doctors make in hospitals when they are doing operations."

"Nice work, O'Malley! You certainly had this case right."

"Yeah? Even a cop can't guess wrong all the time," he answered.

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Before the Honeymoon

Continued from page 22

Let's start now. My bags are packed, and the car's in the drive—"

"I'm ready whenever you are, sweetheart," said Stanley.

"I'll help you with the bags," Bill announced grimly.

I didn't help. I hid in the living-room and drank three cups of black coffee. Thus fortified, I went out at the proper moment to wish the eloping couple Godspeed.

Bill was already standing beside the car. Bogart stood a few feet away, drawing on his gloves. Joan, I noticed, was sitting at the wheel. She said to Bogart: "I'll drive, Stanley, if you don't mind. I'm so used to the car."

He nodded, smiling, and got into the seat beside her. We all said goodby and good luck and so forth. Joan put her foot on the starter. Then she turned her head and looked at Bill. There were tears in her eyes. I saw them.

"Oh, Bill!" she cried, above the humming of the motor. "Please don't be unhappy! *Please—!*"

"I'm not; I won't be," Bill promised. He forced a grin to his lips. "Cheerio, kid!" he said.

The car shot away.

Bill wheeled and bumped into me standing at the foot of the porch steps. "Oh, hello!" he said. Then, realizing his own absurdity, he laughed. "Let's go inside," he suggested, "and do a little serious drinking. I want to get blotto."

"Don't be an ass!" I said. "You're not going to get blotto. You and I are going to take a walk around the village—for your health, if not for mine."

He stared at me. Then he laughed again, almost normally.

"All right," he said. "We'll walk."

We did. We walked for the better part of an hour—in silence. Then, about halfway between my place and his, Bill suddenly stopped short, grabbed my arm and blurted out: "I can't stand it! It ain't right! I'm going after them!—and stop Joan from marrying Bogart. I don't like him. Maybe it's just plain jealousy, but I've got a hunch there's something rotten about that guy."

"How are you going to find her?" I asked.

"I don't know, but I will! I'm going home and get my car and start after them—right now!"

I told him that I'd go with him. "Pick me up at my house," I said. "I want to get a heavier overcoat."

WE PARTED; and I walked home. I expected Bill within a few minutes after I'd got there, but it was almost half an hour before he drove up to my door. I hurried out to meet him.

"What took you so long?" I asked. Then I saw the grin on his face. It was a large and placid and altogether reassuring grin.

"Listen," Bill said. "Everything is lovely. They've been pinched."

"Pinched?"

"Yeh, pinched. Joan called me up just after I got home. They're in the hoosegow at Oak Ridge, about fifteen miles from here, on the Bedford road. Seems Joan ran past a red light, and then tried to get away from the cop who whistled at her. The cop had a motorcycle hid in the bushes, and went after her and pinched her. And, by the grace of God, neither she nor Bogart had enough money to pay their fine."

"What? That seems funny," I said. "Bogart must have had some money in his pocket. A man doesn't get married without *some* money!"

"He had ten dollars," Bill said, still grinning. "Joan told me. And they were fined fifty for trying to outrun the cop. Joan said she had only some change in her purse, and the magistrate wouldn't take a check. So everything is lovely, and we're going over to Oak Ridge and get them out of hock, and then I'm going to kill Mr. Bogart, and everything will be—"

"Lovely," I said. I got into Bill's car. "Go on," I snapped at him. "And try not to be any dumber than usual. I don't intend to be an accessory to a murder."

"Oh, well," Bill said, as we careened out of my driveway, "maybe he's tougher than I think. And, anyway," he added, stepping the car up to sixty, "I'm only joking."

AS WE tore along the road I kept thinking how strange it was that Bogart had only ten dollars to get married on. And then, in a flash, I remembered what it was that I had heard about him.

"Bill!" I shouted. "Is Joan Treadwell an heiress?"

"Oh," Bill said. "Oh, she's got a couple of millions. Why?"

"Then your hunch about Bogart is right," I said. "I've just remembered that someone—my publisher, I think—once told me that Bogart had a weakness for marrying rich women. Yes, it's all coming back to me now! He's been married a couple of times before—and I think there was some doubt about the legality of his last divorce. Anyway, he ought to be investigated."

"I'll investigate him!" cried Bill; and jammed the accelerator to the floor.

We did the fifteen miles to Oak Ridge in a little under twenty minutes. At the curb in front of the local seat of justice was a handsome sport roadster.

"Look!" said Bill. "That's Joan's car. Let's go in and see about things."

We went into the building. A hatchet-faced man led us to where Joan and Stanley Bogart were in a dingy little room that had an iron-barred door. Bill was admirably calm.

"Hello, kid," he said to the girl.

"Hello, Bill," said Joan.

Bogart got up from the bench. "Darned nice of you, Graydon," he said, "to take all this trouble."

"No trouble at all," said Bill. "Great pleasure. Now let's see about paying your fine."

"You kin pay me," said the hatchet-faced man.

American justice, I noted, was swift when conducted on a cash basis. In five minutes we were all back on the sidewalk; and the sun was just sinking, and there were the two cars, Joan's and Bill's, standing parked at the curb.

"Well," said Bogart almost gayly, "I guess we'll have to make a fresh start, won't we, Joan?"

Joan had no chance to reply. Bill moved quickly toward Bogart and said: "*You'll* start—sure! Only you'll go one way and Joan'll go another."

"What do you mean?" Bogart demanded, bristling.

"I mean I'm Joan's guardian—yeh, I am!—and I'm calling off this elopement on account of darkness, or something." Bill stepped closer to the other man. "On your way, cheap-skate!" he said, "I know all about you."

Bogart didn't flinch. He faced Bill defiantly. "Oh, you know all about me, do you?" he said. "Well, so does Joan. I've told her everything. I love her. And she loves me."

"She doesn't!" Bill yelled, with a sudden and violent conviction. "You've talked her into it! I mean you're a smart guy and you can talk and you've sold Joan the idea of marrying you and living in the south of France, and all that romantic bunk. But I'm not going to let her do it, because she's so dumb—yeh, you are, Joan!—and so am I, and—I mean—"

"You're dumb, all right!" cried Bogart. To my surprise and horror I observed that Mr. Bogart had lost his temper. He pulled back his fist and let fly a wild swing at Bill's jaw.

Bill caught the blow in the palm of his left hand and grinned happily at Bogart. "I'm glad we're through *talking!*" he said.

But before he could move, Joan sprang forward. She clutched Bill's cocked right arm. "Oh, Bill!" she pleaded. "Please don't! Please—!"

Something happened. It was one of those unexpected little incidents that so often determine the course of human events.

Joan's purse, which she'd had in her hand, fell to the ground. It burst open and spilled a small fortune in banknotes along the sidewalk at our feet.

I distinctly saw several one-hundred-dollar bills among those fluttering greenbacks. We all saw them; because, responding to the most civilized of human instincts, we all stooped at once to pick them up.

Then Bogart stood erect and stared at Joan.

"Why—! Why, Joan!" he faltered. "You had enough money to pay our fine! You had *plenty* of money!"

"Yes," the girl said. She stood facing him, and there were tears in her eyes. "Forgive me, Stanley! I just couldn't go through with it. I knew it when we were arrested, because the minute the cop pinched us I felt so *glad* that something had happened to prevent it, and—Oh, please forgive me!"

Stanley Bogart gave her a queer, long look. Then he said simply: "Goodby, Joan," and turned and started off down the deserted country sidewalk. I watched him till he disappeared around a corner.

THEN I looked at Bill. He had his arms around Joan, and her head was on his shoulder, and he was saying: "It's all right, kid. Don't cry. I'll take you back to the house, and call up my mother and tell her about it, and then I'll marry you—"

"No you won't!" I interrupted.

"What?" said Bill.

"I object," I said firmly, "to any more of this unseemly haste—"

"But I love Bill!" wept Joan. "I'm crazy about him!"

"You can be engaged to him," I said. "But if you take my advice, you'll let Bill drive you back to your school right now; and you'll stay there till you've had a chance to become really acquainted with him. He can come to see you, and it'll all be nice and regular—and at least I won't have your marriage on my conscience."

"Darling," Bill said, "I think he's right. Come on. Let's go."

Joan threw her arms around his neck.

"I can flunk out in January!" she cried—and kissed him.

They got into Joan's car. I got into Bill's. And so we drove away in the fast falling twilight; and I felt very virtuous indeed. I also felt rather exhausted.

It was not till much later, when I had got home and was cheering myself up with a highball, that the thought occurred to me that Joan had run past that red light on purpose.

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No Surrender

Continued from page 13

But Major Donly crushed their romance under a positive foot, not because of Greenwood's mixed blood but on account of his extreme youth, for the stripling was just eighteen.

For one long, silent year the white part of Greenwood Leflore waited with Indian patience, waited and bided his time until the father had forgotten; then with French finesse the lad again approached his counselor.

"Major Donly," he inquired, "if you were in love with a young lady and feared that her father might oppose the match, what would you do?"

"Do? Do? First I'd marry the girl, then go tell him."

"That is your advice, sir?"

"By all means! By *all* means!"

Within an hour, as a grave, unsmiling Choctaw, young Greenwood came back and said, "Major, I have done what you told me, sir."

"How so?"

"I have followed your advice—and married Rosa."

Molding a Nation

Soon afterwards, with his fair young bride, he returned to the Choctaw Nation, where honors were heaped upon him thick enough to turn the head of any lad. The tribal council elected him as one of their chiefs. By grace of the Federal government he became Colonel Leflore, decorated with a medal and magnificent sword.

Undazzled, however, by sword and medal and military rank, young Colonel Leflore went to work, preparing his people for the civilization which he knew was bound to come. He stamped out their superstitious practices of witchcraft and sorcery. He secured to every homicide a fair trial. He stopped the sale of intoxicating liquors and played no favorites, his own brother-in-law being soundly flogged for that offense.

On one famous occasion Colonel Leflore had reason to suspect an Indian agent of cheating his tribe. He had the man closely watched, got the proof, then protested by letter to his friend, President Jackson.

Andrew Jackson had long been a stanch comrade of Leflore's family. During the wars just ended, Greenwood's great-uncle, Pushmataha, raised a Choctaw regiment and fought valiantly at Jackson's side to subdue the Creeks. Old Hickory always called the Choctaw, very affectionately, "Brother Push." Young Greenwood's father, too, Lewis LeFleur, served in the same regiment and for valor was promoted to the rank of major. Because of these connections, Colonel Greenwood Leflore supposed that his protest to Old Hickory would set matters right. But the agent happened to be Jackson's political pet, and the President refused to remove him.

Nothing daunted, stout-hearted Colonel Leflore at once set out, making the toilsome journey by carriage to Washington, where with scant ceremony he forced his way into the Presidential presence. Nor did he mince his words.

Old Hickory was never the most patient of men. Gray fires of wrath shot from his eyes as he drew himself erect and said, "I, Andrew Jackson, President of these United States, know Mr. Blank to be an honest man." To which his unbluffed visitor retorted, "I, Greenwood Leflore, chief of the Choctaw Nation, know Mr. Blank better than you do and know him to be a damned rascal."

Old Hickory was quick to realize that he confronted a man in whose veins flowed the loyal blood of Pushmataha, so he caught Leflore's hand and apologized.

Within a short time after Leflore's return, the offensive agent was removed.

By ten years of hard work and devotion, Leflore had gained great popularity. His tribes believed in him. The little Greenwood, that half-naked lad who had played about French Camp, was now grown to thirty years, tall, handsome, at the height of his power, on that blackest day in Choctaw annals, when he rode forth to meet the United States commissioners. Their conference was called at Dancing Rabbit Creek, where Choctaw hunting grounds were bartered away, and the nation turned in hate against its former idol.

At the time of Dancing Rabbit Treaty, Mississippi had been for thirteen years a state of the American Union, and was growing like a mushroom. A rapacious flood of settlers poured in, clamoring for land, land, land; more land, more land. The Choctaws then possessed an immense territory, about sixteen million acres—with fifty villages and 25,000 warriors, the only great tribe to retain their lands east of the Mississippi River. All others had gone west. The Choctaws must follow. Inevitably. Inexorably.

A decade before, in 1820, the tribe sold everything beyond the Tombigbee River. When that treaty at Doaks Stand was sullenly agreed to, Andrew Jackson himself, in solemn council, gave the assurance that their remaining land in Mississippi would be secured to them forever. He personally promised his Indian friends that "pegs should be driven down and the lines marked, never to be obliterated."

Choctaws always told the truth and held their word inviolate. They remembered the services of their tribe to the United States, remembered the ancient comradeship between Old Hickory and "Brother Push." Now that Old Hickory had become their Great Father, who from the White House at Washington watched and guarded his red children, Choctaw comprehension failed to imagine that he might break the faith. Nevertheless, on September 15, 1830, their Great Father sent his right-hand man, no less a personage than the Secretary of War, Major John H. Eaton, with Colonel John Coffee, to deprive them of their hunting grounds.

An Indian is No Fool

They saw the strings of ponies and packs of mules that had filed through the forest, and collected at Dancing Rabbit sufficient provisions to feed three thousand persons for a week. But the government had underestimated the tense anxiety of these Choctaws; for more than twice three thousand red men, women and children swarmed like aroused ants to the conference.

An Indian is no fool. Alert black eyes measured every move and every gesture. First they saw Colonel Leflore, mounted upon an excellent pony and leading his division of the tribe. So the full-blood Indian tried to comprehend the mixed-blood, tried to fathom the motives of Leflore, who was more than half a white man and trained to white ways. Although Leflore attended this conference in the capacity of an Indian chieftain, representing Choctaw interests, he wore the dress of a paleface. Could it signify, Indians wondered, that the white blood of Leflore might be in sympathy with the white commissioners? Possibly. So the Choctaw intuitions looked askance.

Commissioner Eaton called upon Killihota, a half-breed chief, to express his views—which were unquestionably inspired by the government. Killihota spoke grandiloquently in favor of the treaty until his traitor voice was drowned by an outburst of execrations.

This half-breed, Killihota, was the only chief to support the proposed treaty. Every full-blood denounced it.

That was the temper of the Choctaws when Secretary Eaton rose and addressed them with brutal roughness, informing the Indians that they had no choice. If they refused the treaty, President Jackson would march an army into their country, build forts, and appoint judges to try them under white man's laws. The Choctaw Nation would cease to exist.

The Death of a Nation

More than two thirds of the indignant Indians left the grounds and went home, unalterably opposed to the treaty and confident that it had failed. There was, however, a minority, including Colonel Greenwood Leflore, who favored it, not because they wanted to migrate, but because it seemed their only chance to hold the tribe together. Up to this point Leflore had held aloof from the negotiations, being distrusted by his own people and also for some unknown reason resting under suspicion of the whites. The commissioners did not consult him.

But their treaty had failed. So Eaton and Coffee went to Leflore with profuse apologies, begging for his suggestions. Thereupon the colonel proposed an added article, the fourteenth, under which all Choctaws who individually desired to remain in Mississippi might register with an official to be appointed for that purpose, and lands would be assigned them. Colonel Leflore stood absolutely alone at the meeting of September 25th, for his amended treaty did not find a single advocate.

On Monday, September 27th, there was much drinking and outspoken hostility among the few Indians that remained when Major Eaton assembled them for his last harangue. "If you *insist* upon living in the State of Mississippi," he thundered a warning, "you will live under her laws. You must pay taxes, serve in the militia, work on the roads. Your country will be overrun by whites. Your children will become paupers and beggars." It is not an inspiring episode in our history to remember that these helpless Choctaws were so terrified by threats from the all-powerful Secretary of War that even their most resolute chiefs, the full-bloods, hastily agreed to the treaty. At last the implacable Little Leader affixed his signature.

Under article fourteen of that treaty, to which our United States Government pledged its honor, an officer was designated to register such Indians as desired to retain their homes. But a drunken fellow, who was appointed to carry it out, did not keep sober long enough to make a list. He drove away Choctaws who presented themselves before him, lost his books and erased names that were legally entered. Indian rights were ruthlessly overridden, and heads of families who had done their best to comply with the treaty soon found themselves hustled whether or no across the Mississippi River.

After Dancing Rabbit, most of the

(Continued on page 46*)*

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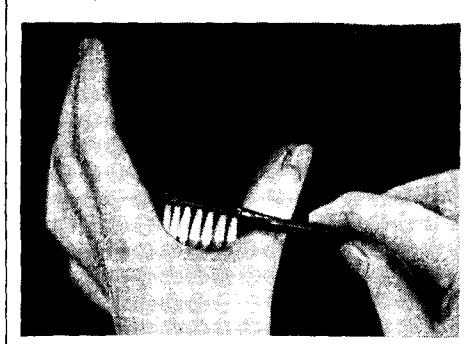

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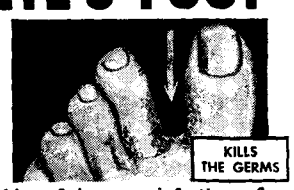

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(Continued from page 45)

Choctaws blamed their woes upon Greenwood Leflore, asserting that the treaty was his work, that he had sold them for money and a bribe of fifteen thousand acres. Because of his avarice, they insisted, their tribe was rushed west of the river, while he remained in Mississippi, an extravagantly rich man. Leflore's answer to the accusation was naïve, but unconvincing:

"Which is worse, for a great government to bribe a poor Indian, or for a poor Indian to accept the bribe?"

The bulk of the tribe was gone. The Choctaw Purchase became a white man's country. New things were to be accomplished in a new land, and Colonel Leflore accomplished them. Those splendid idle forties and fifties were splendid enough but not idle for him. He felled the forests, cleared the fields, and great plantations prospered. Thousands of cotton bales his wagons hauled to Old Town Landing on the Yazoo River, where a man named Williams kept the public warehouse. One day it happened that Colonel Leflore rode to Old Town where he found the warehouse full of cotton, and many of his own bales dumped out in the mud. Yet the keeper demanded his charge for storage. "Won't pay it," the colonel snapped, his jaw setting tighter than a bear trap. "I'll build my own town and take your trade away from you."

Build a town he did. Three miles up the stream the angry chieftain first set up a river sawmill, then sawed the lumber from his own forests to erect his own town, which he called Point Leflore. Churches arose in the wilderness; hotels, schoolhouses, stores and residences appeared like magic overnight, as if at the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp. To make his landing place accessible, the indefatigable Leflore constructed a turnpike from the river to the hills, with fourteen bridges over the bayous, at a cost of $75,000. This was the first hard-surfaced road ever laid down in Mississippi.

It was the chief's ambition to perpetuate his name at Point Leflore, yet by a freakish jest of fate that site has disappeared more completely than Nineveh and Tyre, while Old Town Landing, which he labored to destroy, has become the beautiful city of Greenwood, in Leflore County, Mississippi.

Sweet Rosa Donly was long dead, and Elizabeth Coody, his Cherokee second wife, had also passed on to her fathers, when once again Colonel Leflore rode to Nashville, just as he had ridden years ago at the side of Major Donly. He was now an important man, perhaps the richest and most prosperous planter in Mississippi.

From this later visit he returned in state, bringing home a new bride, Miss Priscilla Donly, who was born almost on the day of his boyhood marriage with her sister Rosa. The necessity of a new home for a new wife explains that marvelous mansion which now arose upon a plateau in the forest.

A Palace in the Wilderness

During that period when cotton prices were high and many planters were building substantial homes, young James G. Harris, a competent architect, removed to Mississippi from Georgia, and Colonel Leflore employed him to erect his manor house, Malmaison, as it was called in honor of the Empress Josephine.

It was a monumental achievement, for Harris, the builder, had no other white intelligence to help at his task. Alone, in a primitive region, he designed that stately structure. Under his direction unskilled black slaves and red Indians hewed down cypress trees to be sawed by the colonel's mill for the colonel's mansion. Every timber, every piece of woodwork was dressed and fitted by hand. Wide, cool hallways cross at the center. Great doors stand open, inviting the stranger to enter and be refreshed. Silken damask curtains, suspended from gilded cornices, drape the windows of vast drawing-rooms in which mirrors reflect the prismatic glory of glittering chandeliers. Seamless carpets of rose and cream upon the floor hush the unhurried tread of master and guest.

The drawing-room furniture, of French hickory overlaid with gold, is upholstered with crimson silk damask and so exquisitely fashioned that when it was exhibited to the Duchesse d'Orléans, she at once commanded a duplicate for herself.

A Lasting Loyalty

In '61 the Civil War deluge came, but did not bend the colonel. He was then by far the most prominent man in that section. His neighbors respected him and continued their respect in spite of the fact that Colonel Leflore made anti-secession speeches and vigorously declared his adherence to the Union.

In Choctaw comprehension "to adhere" means "to stick." And he stuck. Tribesmen had charged him with breaking faith, but Leflore conceived himself bound by ties of honor to the United States government, and his sense of loyalty created a most amazing situation. All his bosom cronies with whom he had wined and dined and hunted began putting on their uniforms of gray. They pleaded with him, they urged his private interests as a slave-holder, his position of leadership in the community.

"No. No. No," he answered his warmest friends. "I am for the Union." And fantastic as it may seem, in the throbbing heart of the Confederacy, Colonel Leflore actually hoisted his personal Stars and Stripes above the tower at Malmaison and for four bloody years he lived in his stronghold, like a resolute feudal baron, hemmed in by enemies and defying them all.

Again and again, infuriated mobs assembled to tear down the flag and burn out a "Yankee-loving traitor." But cooler heads dissuaded them and advised, "Let Greenwood be."

The British Empire might have wavered in its refusal to recognize our Southern States, but not old Greenwood, who gave neither aid nor countenance to the Confederacy. He declined to accept Confederate money, even for supplies that were ravished from him; and refused the payment of any tax. When one of his Negroes was seized by a tax collector, his friends quietly discharged the obligation and returned the slave.

When the Southern General Forrest rode through on one of his foraging expeditions, he made short work of horses and mules that belonged to a Northern sympathizer. Forrest was a cavalry genius, "The Wizard of the Saddle," but a man of ferocious temper who did not hesitate to kill. His black-bearded, gigantic figure strode clanking up the steps at Malmaison to confront Colonel Leflore, who was now paralyzed and confined to a chair, but whose vitriolic tongue so scorched the Confederate that Forrest drew a pistol.

"Shoot! Shoot!" the old chief cried. "Shoot. I'll say Union until I die."

After the lapse of less than a century, Greenwood Leflore has already become a legendary figure. Fables cluster round his name, and the story of his death, like all heroic legends, may be inaccurate. Yet it passes from lip to ear with the directness of a grim Greek tragedy. Thus runs the tale:

"Union until I die," he had badgered the Confederate raider, and died, just as the war closed, in August, 1865. On that same front porch where Colonel Leflore had outfaced the Confederate forager, there the play ended; there the curtain of his life rang down.

The Confederacy had fallen. Triumphantly the Stars and Stripes fluttered from his tower at Malmaison. But victory meant nothing to Greenwood Leflore. He was ostracized by his tribe and estranged from white friends whose defeated misery cut him to the soul.

The Passing of a Patriot

The old Indian sat there on his porch, utterly alone, and watched the blazing end. Soon he saw the blaze—not directly, for his mansion stood upon a plateau, with fields and gin houses far below. But he could see the smoke, and knew that his gin house was afire.

Tight-lipped, the stern old stoic sat and watched. He could not see his cotton acres, but knew that flames from his gin house shone upon and glorified the flag. His flag. He knew that its stripes gleamed redly and its azure field was sparkling with the stars of heaven. His flag; he'd stuck by it to the end, Union until he died.

The lamentations of Negro voices sang Greenwood's requiem, mingling with shouted orders from Union officers. Wrapped in his flag, he gave no twitch or tremor, except the closing of tired eyes, as his soul went up on clouds of climbing smoke, went up to gods that would receive a Choctaw who had kept the faith.

"What'll we call the hash today?" *Lawrence La Riar*

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Hits and Errors

Continued from page 18

detected "boners." And the magnates, indifferent to many faults of artistry, have succumbed to a contagion of pride in the authenticity of their pictures.

The first motion picture figure of large consequence to take the problem of accuracy so seriously that he issued a ukase establishing a research department was William Randolph Hearst. He set the fashion by employing Harold Hendee, a scholar of some distinction with the advantage of experience as an actor in Broadway productions, to see to it that the ambitious picturizations of Janice Meredith and When Knighthood Was in Flower were faithfully and authentically rendered.

So thoroughly did Mr. Hendee do this research job that he was later captured by Famous Players for a similar function and now reigns as chief authenticator in the R. K. O. studios. By demonstrating that research work could be organized to safeguard against errors both glaring and trivial, that an alert bureau of authenticity could economically supplant the hit-or-miss method of scenario departments in checking up on routine and extraordinary facts essential to satisfactory production, Mr. Hendee has pioneered in a new profession that now has representatives in every large studio here and abroad. As remarked, they call themselves authenticators, a term that may be in need itself of some authenticating; but as a practical factor in motion picture making, to say nothing of their artistic necessity, they save many a retake on many a picture and from that standpoint alone justify their expense.

The Stars Approve

"I became an authenticator," says Mr. Hendee, in recounting the progress of his work, "with some misgivings. I had seen how one single slip could bring enough ridicule—deadliest of critical weapons—to ruin a show built up through months of work.

Mr. Hendee, who smokes a large pipe and has a large asset of modesty, weighed the responsibility of being the final word in physical production of a film before the word "Go" is given to a director. He didn't like it. He was aware of the upsets that temperament may wreak on even the best-laid plans. In his time he had supported such stars as Mrs. Fiske, Fay Bainter, Tom Wise, Madge Kennedy and Richard Bennett, to limit the list. He knew that established talent could overrule patient digging on the axiom that the play's the thing, while the play can be an awful thing, no matter who plays it, when it isn't right.

He reports his surprise that in a dozen years of authenticating there have been no dire clashes with directors and no collisions with self-willed stars.

Mr. Hendee and his associates among the authenticators now count that day lost whose low declining sun finds a movie star declining to admit that research doesn't give him the confident environment of reality.

Take Tom Meighan, for instance. When Mr. Meighan was apprised that a research department had been installed to govern Famous Players' production on Long Island, he insisted that the costuming of every part he played be officially approved. In a story Meighan was cast to appear as a British naval officer at a reception. The British navy is not more particular about the waves it rules than about the clothes it wears. A naval officer has as many changes of mode as a coquette has of mind. Mr. Hendee commissioned one of his young men to go after a tailor's specifications for a naval commander's uniform to be worn at a tea in Gibraltar.

The young man braved the glare of New York's library lions and, after mountaineering over walls of books, returned in triumph with the color of the costume, its measurements, the design of buttons—a colored plate that told enough to guide any tailor. Meighan, a stickler for correct attire, took the plate to his tailor, ordered the uniform. The tailor, in his enthusiasm for Mr. Meighan, spread himself on the job, forgetting that the British like their life guards fancy and their jack-tars plain. He produced a costume valiantly ornate, with pocket pleats and flaps, and tassels where they should not be. Tommy Meighan put on the uniform and summoned Hendee. The Gibraltar tea-time scene was in the making—as all movies are when something is about to go wrong.

"This won't do at all," said Mr. Hendee, aghast at the embellished garments. "Remember, this picture has to be shown through the British Isles. We'll make another uniform."

"We will not!" barked the director, microphone itching for action.

Heroically, Meighan tore off tassels while a valet tucked in pocket flaps, sliced off sleeve and leg cuffs. Meighan was uncomfortable in this hybrid costume; but he made the best of it. The picture played England without criticism on that score.

Foreigners, who comprise a market for American films that often makes the difference between black and red ink on a given production, would be flattered or at least forbearing if they saw with what diligence American producers try to avoid violating not only national and racial susceptibilities, but both popular and expert knowledge of familiar or historical places, events and personages.

One film concern, faced with the problem of depicting François Villon's career through the art of John Barrymore, even negotiated to buy the house containing his original garret; but the researchers made exact measurements and scores of pictures so that a perfect replica appeared in Hollywood. This was not the case with a less ambitious or less opulent outfit that did a swell job with an exterior of Christopher Columbus' birthplace on a staired street in Genoa, only to miss the trifle of an improvised baseboard that contained an electric lamp socket!

Authenticating Beau Geste

The careful technique of the authenticator in avoiding the slippery frailties of all human effort has never been better illustrated than in the making of one of the decade's most publicized and most profitable pictures—Beau Geste.

Harold Hendee supervised the preparations of the mechanics and *mise en scène* of this story of the Foreign Legion. Experiencing some previous nuisance with a best-selling writer who wrote sometimes without benefit of his best thinking, he made an exhaustive study of the novel. His company had made a military story preceding Beau Geste, in which the author had written simply of a certain foreign general, that he entered a room wearing his medals.

That seems easy; but when you consider that this was a Prussian general of the Black Hussars, entering a room containing his commander-in-chief and staff for a headquarters conference, problems arise. What kind of medals are worn by such a person in such a place at such a time? It took Mr. Hendee exactly two weeks of careful reading followed by cables to learn that at the particular juncture in that general's career he, as a commander in the field, would be wearing no medals, unless the Kaiser's campaign button—the Iron Cross—can be classed as a medal. And research must answer that one.

For months before a foot of film was spooled—if, again, a foot of film can be spooled—on Beau Geste, every fact in the fiction was noted. The terrain of action was carefully mapped, from the headquarters of the Foreign Legion in Sidi-bel-Abbès to all points where the gay and gory hero did his stuff. Legion barracks were photographed inside and out. Tuaregs and other Arabs were photographed in fighting and frolicking togs. All precautions were taken to make the picture authentic, even to exact duplication of the tubular bedlegs of the legionnaires' barracks cots.

The Perfect Picture

A zealous Hollywood executive who had, as he thought—and with Hollywood executives this kind of thought comes easy—wisely provided for companies of Negro extras to take the part of Senegalese troops, was amazed at the direction that only flat-nosed colored brethren could appear in the picture. The Senegalese are pure-bred, with no straight noses—uninfluenced by infiltrations of Caucasian blood, which seems to affect the contour of noses.

During the recruiting of this Hollywood division of the Foreign Legion numberless dark-skinned citizens were surprised by the intentness with which movie scouts studied their probosces. It cost a tidy sum to adhere to the verities; but justification followed when Beau Geste was hailed abroad as an American picture with an African background in which no solecism could be found.

This experience and its logical laurels impelled Hendee to step out from the sphere of the special or period picture, where research was patently necessary, to the modern American scene, which every cub scenario writer believes he can master at a split-second's notice.

One of those hysterical works of grand art came to climax a vogue of the hard-boiled, gangster pictures whose common formula is a blend of cynicism and sentimentalism. This was Consolation Marriage—Irene Dunne—hopefully subtitled as a lyric of New York life. Mr. Hendee's problem had nothing to do with the lyric, everything to do with the life. There was a scene, for example, of the marriage bureau in the municipal building. Hollywood had set scenes of marriage bureaus; but these Hendee rejected. Photographers were sent down to the municipal building to take exteriors, vestibules, interiors.

"Because," Mr. Hendee explains, "in a previous picture a betrothed couple had been shown stepping into an elevator for the marriage license bureau. In reality, the bureau is on a mezzanine floor and the couples hurrying to wed always rushed up the stairs."

Hundreds of couples wrote in to tell them that.

Now research is an indispensable factor in screen production. It is the general practice, before stories are contemplated for production and long before the contract for purchase is made, to have the authenticator's visa that the story is pictorially possible in correct detail. At the moment this is

(Continued on page 48*)*

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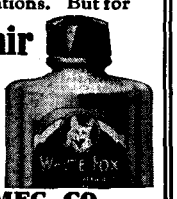

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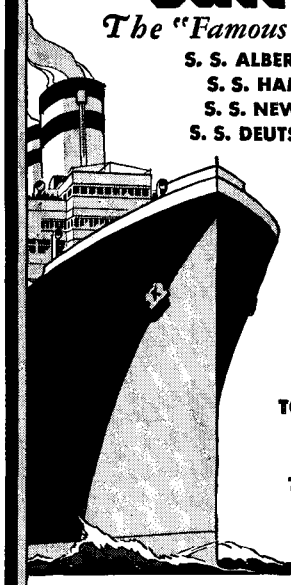

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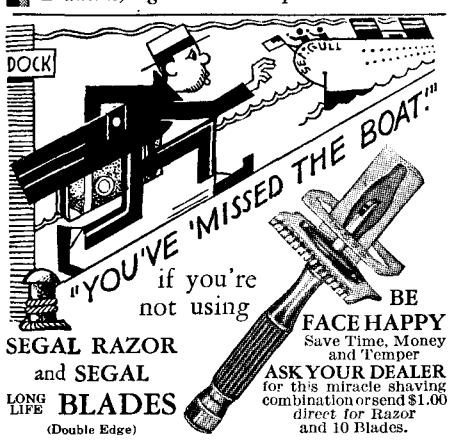

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written an ambitious spectacle of the North is being suspended for full and final authority on a question which hardly seems vital—are skunks to be found in Alaska?

The author who wrote this story thinks they are. He, by confession, has never been to Alaska. This fact did not deter his writing a story whose chief item of motivation centered about a skunk. The hero, with several other sturdy characters, is in an Alaskan lumber camp. He has a treasured pair of knickers given to him by a girl. The hero's jealous rival, plotting to ambush him, notifies the villains in his plot of these particular pants which will enable them to pick off his man.

In camp, while the party sleeps, a skunk appears without disappointment to the audience. Awakening, the boys find all clothes contaminated but this especial pair of pants, which have been carefully segregated from the general wardrobe by their proud owner. The boys cast lots to see who shall wear the only wearable pair of pants. Somebody other than the hero wins. He emerges from the camp wearing the pants and falls a wounded victim to the blackguards awaiting the appearance of those knickers.

It is going to cost that author a lot of worry and a little work if the final verdict is rendered that skunks are never found in Alaska. So far six authorities are against, three for. The betting is close. But, so boundless is movie resource, you'll probably see that comedy touch retained with a fire subbing for a skunk.

A Film Questionnaire

"The labor of tracking down authorities," says Mr. Hendee, anent this tangle over the truth, "is that real authorities are modest men who decline to be accepted as the final word. The moment you meet a dogmatist you know he is wrong."

Yet it is part of his painstaking business to meet dogmatists, and that may explain why he is so persistent a doubter.

He showed me a syllabus of questions for a film now planned for production—questions noted from the raw story by assistants who check up on every item of fact. Here are a few that must be answered:

"What is the uniform of rural postmen in England?

"What do the iron gates that guard the Khyber Pass in India look like?

"What are the hours of service at St. Thomas' Church, New York City, on Sunday morning?

"What would the cry of a baby dinosaur be like?

"What is the costume of a streetwalker in Paris?

"What type of telephone instruments and routine of telephone numbers is in use in Roumania?"

And so on.

"We had agony of soul," he recalls, "in one London phase of a transcontinental picture where our studio architecture was London all right, but not the part of London where the action took place. And the author, sending the heroine home in a cab, himself overlooked the fact that at that period of his story motor-cabs were almost unknown in London and horse-drawn vehicles were the rule."

Hence the movie authenticator grows gray picking his way through careless authors and, at times, conflicting specialists. Every day is another day of worry and woe—and when a solid hit is registered with his arduous aid, in the chorus of acclaim for producers and actors, there comes only a backwash of scoffing for whatever trivial inaccuracy has eluded the researcher. Almost always, in the final check-up, now rigorous in modern studios, it is found that the research was right, that the necessary distance between New York, where research is easiest, to Hollywood, where picture-making is obligatory, is responsible for the tenuousness of contact that lets error occasionally creep into the best-planned work.

That gold-medal product Cimarron is generally hailed as all-around perfection—a standard of scrupulousness in reproducing periods.

The authenticators were spurred on for six months before shooting began, by the author's (Edna Ferber's) disdain for the movie version of her Show Boat, which she pronounced unfaithful to fact. They studied the times—its architecture, its transportation, its costumes, its dialects—for the old days of the new talkies, when any foreigner would serve as every foreigner, and vice versa, have gone. Hendee's job was to get the exact nuances of dialect of the various types propelled into the Oklahoma land rush.

A difficult moment at the very outset was to persuade fair members of the cast that modern marcels must be sacrificed for the straight hair of the covered-wagon matrons or the gaudy curls of the dance-hall gals.

The land rush itself, with its tempest of men and animals and vehicles, was enacted on California prairies that had been carefully charted after a hundred or more magazine articles had been studied and a thousand or more pictures of the time enlarged and imitated. Fortunately, the camera had just begun to be a factor in that period of American history.

Every vehicle, every vernacular, every touch of millinery and of frontier style in shelter and attire, was carefully checked. When the picture was finally produced Edna Ferber was persuaded to see it. Miss Ferber was satisfied—an event almost as much news as the news that a perfect picture was produced.

Art Unseen

Mr. Hendee and his corps of authenticators beamed with delight, and the box-office rolled up records. He went around for weeks with his fingers crossed, and then uncrossed them. From faraway Scotland came a still, small voice. It pointed to the one flaw. In a scene where Dix, as newspaper editor, displayed a copy of his paper, the type-face showed Cheltenham bold. The protesting Scot printer declared, and truly, that Cheltenham bold was not invented until seven years after the year when that scene was supposed to have occurred. Hendee, going back to his directions, had made precisely that point—that the type-face on the newspaper in earlier scenes be Roman, in later scenes, Cheltenham. In the unavoidable maze of re-takes that direction was lost and that error made.

"Authenticating," philosophizes Mr. Hendee, "is made up of achievement always balanced by failure. If a hit contains only a few errors, we're satisfied.

"The bane of my life is not the director who thinks we are too meticulous. The real poison in the pleasure of work is the accidental canceling of painstaking design.

"In one scene that was a central part of Cimarron, I was particularly anxious to make everything realistic so that the mood of the actors would be inspired. A stove was the central piece of furniture. I read and roved to discover what particular stove would have been in use on the frontier at that particular time. Finally, an old gentleman in Indiana rescued me. He had been a stove-maker in his day and sold stoves to the Oklahoma Territory. From an old catalogue he sent me a picture of the filigreed stove I dearly desired. We had an exact duplicate made. I was ecstatic.

"Then when I saw the picture, the only part in which the stove figured was night-time flash scenes when a cast-iron barrel would have served just as well. Art was satisfied but pride wasn't."

But that, as a fifty-fifty break, is apparent enough to need no authenticating.

Why the Farmer doesn't like our Dollar

Continued from page 9

want to buy food from us and they don't intend to, if they can help it. This is a serious matter because we normally export from the United States sixty per cent of our cotton, one half of our packing-house lard, one fifth of our wheat and forty per cent of our tobacco.

"The problem of restoring the market for these fifty million surplus acres in the United States is made especially complicated because of the fact that the United States has, by means of a highly nationalistic tariff and her handling of the intergovernmental debts, made it exceedingly difficult for outside nations to buy from us. It seems obvious that no matter how skillfully the intergovernmental debts are handled or how rapidly the tariff is lowered or reciprocal tariffs entered into, the probabilities are against the restoration of European purchasing power in sufficient volume so that the farmers will have a satisfactory market for the products of these fifty million surplus acres.

"Any city man," he said, smiling, "ought to be able to understand that these fifty million acres must retreat: they must for the present be put out of the play; must be side-tracked.

The Dangers of Low Prices

"The problem, then, comes as to just how to bring about the most orderly retreat of these fifty million acres. Farmers," he explained, "when working as individuals never control their own production. The lower prices go, the harder the farmer tries to increase his production so that he can get gold-value dollars with which he can pay interest and taxes. But finally the time comes when human flesh can stand no more."

"What happens then?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "the low-price cure for agricultural overproduction may take five, ten or even fifteen years longer. But when it is finally accomplished, there is great danger of a genuine shortage of food. It might last for some years and will bring on in the cities a depression of food scarcity which will be much different and far more serious than the present depression of food surplus. We must find some other cure for overproduction better than the low-price cure. Right here," he said, "is where the domestic allotment plan comes in.

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"The farmers want help from the government to enable these fifty million acres of surplus land to retreat without disorder or chaos. They asked for an allotment plan which would give a bonus to those farmers who reduce their acreage. The bonus is to be raised by a tax placed on millers, packers and cotton spinners. But on the knife side of the triangle the farmer found enemies, as he tried to break through it. Millers, packers and cotton spinners man the ramparts on this side of the triangle and in congressional hearings shoved the farmers back."

"What about the side of the triangle which represents inflation?" asked the city writer.

An Example from England

"I don't like the word 'inflation,'" said Mr. Wallace. "Why not speak of restoration of values by the sound use of credit and currency? To be sound, inflation must be controlled. You must keep it from running wild. I agree with the farm organizations that one of the most honest ways of doing this is to allow the price of gold to rise from $20.67 an ounce to $30. This isn't any new thing. It has been done before. In England, when gold became scarce, they allowed the price to rise from 93 shillings an ounce to 124 shillings. We've seen it done in many countries. But we've sat on the lid. In the United States alone of all the great nations the price of gold has been held down in spite of the scarcity. Most of the farm organizations believe that the most honest direct method of controlled inflation is to increase the price of gold from $20.67 to $30 an ounce or, in other words, reduce the number of grains of gold behind the dollar from 23 grains to 15 or 16 grains. They believe that doing this would do no injustice to the creditors because the vast bulk of debt was contracted at a price level 50 per cent higher than that which exists today.

"But farmers find enemies across the spoon side of the triangle, too; when they concentrate their forces and begin to push against the 'controlled inflation' side of the triangle, they meet with just as strenuous resistance as they did when they pushed for controlled acreage. The larger bankers hold up their hands in horror and speak about the Greenbackers and the Free Silverites and invoke the shades of 1896 to help them in their battle against the evils of inflation. But it is interesting to note that the money fight this time is being conducted in a much different way than it was in the '30s, '70s and '90s of the last century. The farmers this time are better led and are standing for a controlled inflation rather than an uncontrolled inflation. Moreover, the farmers this time are fighting side by side with a number of prominent manufacturers and members of the United States Chamber of Commerce. Even some of the insurance company executives—who are contemplating what will happen to them if farm mortgages are cut down and railroad rates are cut while at the same time they are compelled to pay their policyholders in full—are eager to see a controlled restoration of values by a sound expansion of both credit and currency. *The battle on the spoon side of the triangle will undoubtedly be a strenuous one but it is to be hoped that it will be settled definitely one way or the other within the next six months.*

"The farmers are pushing hard, too, on the third side of the triangle. This involves the writing down of fixed charges of all kinds. In the mortgage fight it's this side of the triangle they're rushing. If the farmers are unable to get relief either by controlled acreage or by a restored price level, they must have their debts, taxes, railroad freight rates and the like cut in half. Many bills have been introduced in Congress to enable the farmer to borrow money at lower rates of interest. The idea is that the farmer should be tided over until lower tariffs and reduced acreage enable him to exchange his produce for a larger volume of city-made goods.

Out in the Middle West we have had some very strenuous fighters leading the farm forces against this side of the triangle. Many of these fighters do not bother about due process of law at all.

Certain attorneys in the Middle West have been working out a defense in equity against foreclosures, urging that the decline in the price level is an event not to be foreseen by either debtor or creditor and that this decline, being in the nature of an accident, has a direct bearing on the contract. It is, therefore, urged that insisting on the letter of the bond is a Shylock performance which results in the taking away of farm property without due process of law.

"Farmers are the most conservative people on earth and they hate the lawlessness which attends disorder. They also have a strong sense of justice. They have seen the decline in the price level bring an extraordinary injustice to relatives and neighbors. If they fail to get controlled acreage and controlled inflation, they will more and more fight against fixed charges of all kinds. A passion for social justice is consuming the blood in their veins and they are willing to go to almost any length. I have seen knowledge of this fact make controlled inflationists out of very conservative bankers and insurance men.

An Approaching Crisis

"It has taken the farmer twelve years to discover the true nature of his triangular trap. He has felt out the three sides and knows the nature of the resistance. He knows that there is no effective way out which will not provoke the most determined resistance on the part of certain city groups. It seems to be essential for the bankers, the insurance men, the packers, the millers, the cotton spinners, and the like to consider the farm problem from a statesmanlike point of view. A situation which has been in the making for more than twelve years is now reaching its crisis. Will the city leaders coöperate with the farm leaders to bring about a constructive solution?" (Since Mr. Wallace asked this question, the leading insurance companies of the country have announced their policy of moderation toward the farmers who will stick to their farms and, taking time as an ally, try to "work things out.")

"So far as the average city man is concerned," Mr. Wallace concluded, "the point I would like to make is this: It is to the advantage of all of us that there should be a balanced relationship between agriculture, industry and labor. No one group can long profiteer at the expense of the other group. To bring about a balanced condition is the essence of national planning. If the United States discovers her true relationship to the other nations of the world now that she is a creditor nation and acts accordingly, and if the different classes inside of the United States treat one another fairly, we can have a prosperity twice as great as that which we had in 1929."

"But," I asked, "what about the triangle you've told me about? Which side are the farmers likely to push down first, if any?"

"Progress will be made on all three sides," he said, "but I prophesy that there will be a rising flood of interest on the inflation side as the pressure is increased on the other two."

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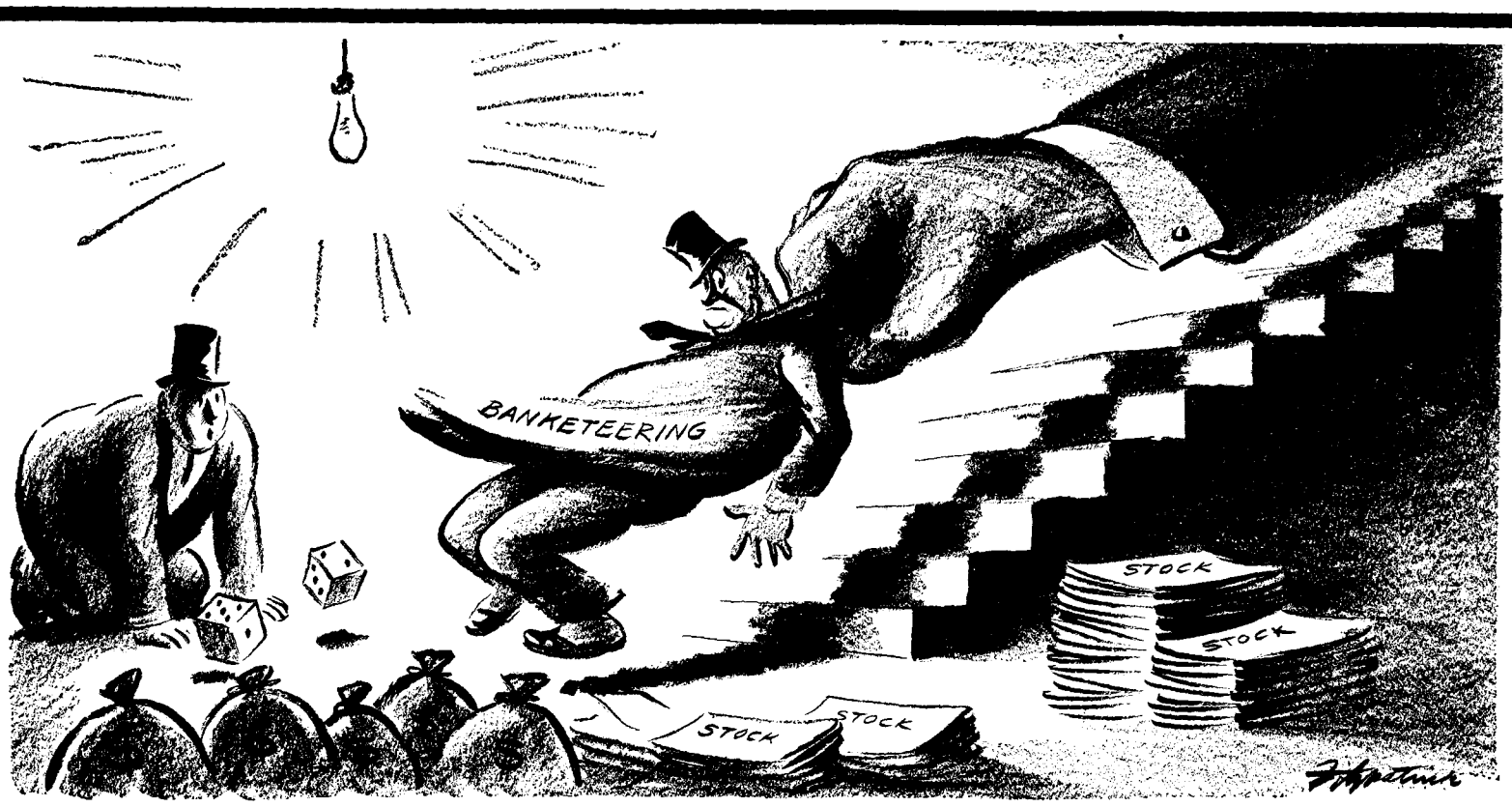

"Banksters" Must Go

FOR its own good name American banking must purge itself of the sordid and ruthless operations recently admitted by Charles E. Mitchell and Gordon S. Rentschler before the Senate Banking and Finance Committee.

Not in a generation has the moral sense of the nation been so shocked as by the revelation of the security dealings of these eminently placed bankers. By their own testimony they sought to enrich themselves and to cover their blunders with a callous disregard of the interests and welfare of their own employees and of the investing public.

The bare record of what these men did struck a heavy blow at American banking. Good character is the solid foundation of any banking institution. The American public has no stomach for the sort of character revealed in the testimony of these leaders in the financial community.

Examine the record admitted before the Senate committee and we have no trouble in understanding the wave of public resentment which spread so swiftly throughout the nation. Here are a few of the salient facts:

The stock of the National City Bank was aggressively sold through its subsidiary, the National City Company, until it was quoted at extravagantly high prices.

When the boom collapsed the bank provided a fund of $2,400,000 to lend to the officers who had bought more stock than they could pay for. Much of this fund was written off. One vice president borrowed $345,272 and repaid nothing. Another vice president borrowed $296,000 and repaid only $11,000.

At the same time, while the stock was quoted at $40 a share, employees, not officers, were still paying on 60,000 shares of the bank's stock bought in 1929 at prices of $200 and $220 a share.

Preferred officers were allotted huge and wholly indefensible bonuses, Mr. Mitchell admitting having received $3,500,000 within three years.

Large blocks of stock were sold to the investing public and with these funds $30,000,000 in bad loans to Cuban sugar companies were gotten off the books of the bank.

In this selling campaign the price of the stock with a par value of $20 rose to $580. The National City Bank was "short" in the sales of its own stock. Charles E. Mitchell loaned the National City Company huge blocks of stock for use in its operations, thus insuring further profits at the expense of the stockholders. It was stated that 1,950,000 shares were sold at a total cost of $650,000,000 to investors. Most of this huge sum was lost by investors when the boom collapsed.

The National City Company, knowing that the par value of the stock selling as high as $580 was only $20, importuned customers of the bank to buy its stock during this selling campaign, to their great detriment.

Altogether the record is appalling when it is remembered that this was done by the principal officers of one of the largest and strongest banks in the country.

Such a disregard of the obligation of high responsibility demands civil and criminal action against all who violated the law. In no way can the springs of public confidence be more quickly or more effectually fouled than by such a callous disregard of the welfare of investors and of the traditions of honorable banking.

The extravagant waste and abuse were made possible by confusion of banking and stock selling. For their own protection the banks must divorce themselves from their affiliated security companies.

A bank, like a public office, is a public trust. It must be conducted as a trust. The banking community owes it both to the public and to itself to keep its ranks clean.

President Roosevelt, either through the Secretary of the Treasury or through a banking commission especially appointed for the purpose, should outline a program of remedial legislation with all possible expedition. So far as the law can protect depositors and investors it must do so.

At the same time state laws must be improved since responsibility for supervising a large part of the banking business rests upon the states rather than the Federal government. Many Western and Southern states have neglected their responsibility. The banking laws of the New England and North Atlantic states are upon the whole much better drawn and better enforced than those of other sections. The result is that fewer failures have occurred where the laws were well drawn and well enforced. Rhode Island, for example, has been practically exempt from bank losses.

But not less important than more stringent laws, and especially laws separating commercial banks and stock-selling houses, is the necessity for insistence upon character in banking.

Banking must be conducted for the purpose of safeguarding depositors and of providing reasonable credit for borrowers. The British bankers learned fifty years ago that the banking community itself must go beyond the minimum standards required by the law and insist that only men of the highest integrity be placed in positions of great responsibility.

American bankers must keep their own house clean. A good banker is a trustee for his depositors, customers and owners. When he substitutes the private gain of a little coterie of insiders for the duty with which he is charged, he betrays his own calling.

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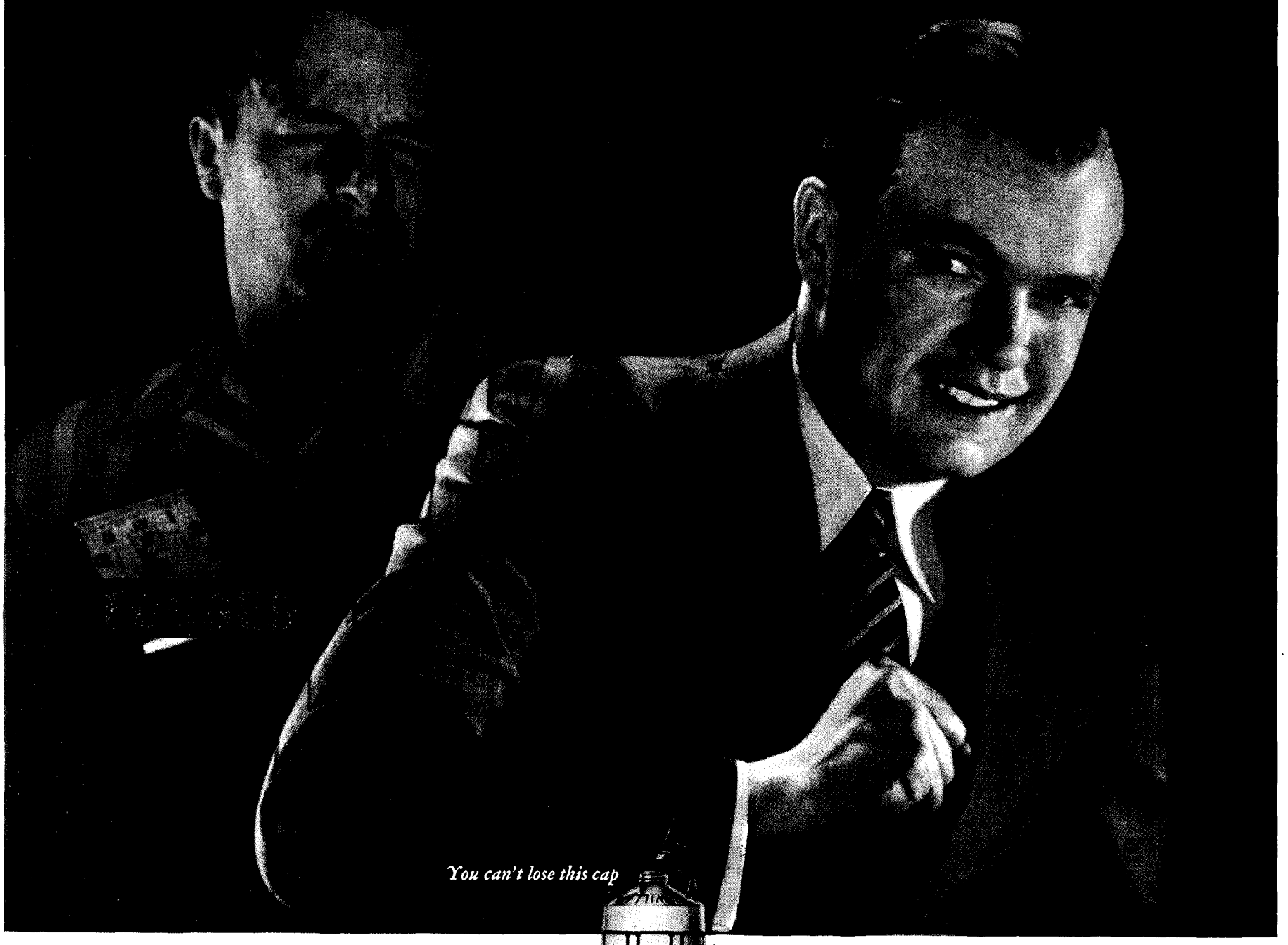

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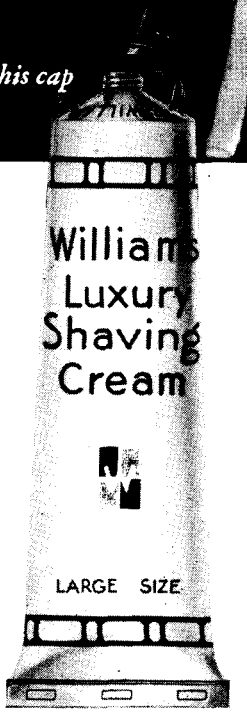

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